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PROGRESS OF SOCIETY—POETRY—SCIENCE.

WE like to dash *in medias res*, and having some superfluous thoughts to throw off, we shall begin, reader, with asking you where do you find yourself? You and the rest of this busy generation are living in that much-celebrated era, which is precisely the nineteenth in the Christian era. It is an age in which that much-boasted principle in human affairs, the Diffusion of Knowledge, is said to be working miracles. What is there of truth in all this? What reason have we to congratulate ourselves on the supposed advantages which we enjoy? Are we in reality on the safe road, and where are we going?

General education and the diffusion of knowledge are considered the great moral and intellectual levers of the time. We hear that an ignorant people never can be free; that men who do not read, cannot be good citizens; and accordingly the sciences are simplified and taught in schools, and abridged; and every man is required, or at least invited, to learn every thing, while, from the multiplicity of objects that distract the attention, no man learns any thing. Far be it from us to say any thing against general education. Sovereign public! we hold you too much in awe. Far be it from *us* to wish to shut against any man the oracles of truth, whose very study it is, in humble sphere, to transmit to others the trifling portion we may have received. We know it is a glorious speculation—giving loose to a fine imagination—to conjecture whither all this present state of things is tending: and is it glorious to call to mind all that education has done and is still doing for human society.

It is a power that has moved and continues to move the world, though, as in the diurnal rotation of our planet, from the fact of being carried along with it, we ourselves are not conscious of the motion. Unlike that physical agent with which the ancient philosopher promised to move the globe out of its place—provided he could have a location for it—this moral agent is continually urging on the affairs of society without requiring any such conditions in the outset as are impossible from the nature of things. But it may be well to pause and consider whether we are not going too fast: whether the natural and immutable laws of the moral universe may not be disturbed, and that confusion ensue which must be the inevitable consequence of their interruption.

But before we come to this matter, let us be understood on an important preliminary point. We shall take no risk of being thought extravagant, if we say that there can be no real and permanent cultivation of the mind, no gain and advantage to the individual, without some mental exertion on the part of the individual himself. A man does not become strong by sitting in the gymnasium and seeing others exercise. Now we say that it is not, in the case of the mind, the mere exercise of its recipient faculties that is to make it vigorous. You may sit in a lecture-room day after day, and undergo the passive reception of countless stores of facts and principles: but without some habits of mental exercise, where will you get the ability to use those facts, or to apply those principles? Besides, we attempt to do too much. The mind is distracted by the variety that is offered to its notice. If we look at the extent of all knowledge, we find a diversity that is perfectly bewildering. The portion which we can truly know, is about as large, when compared with what remains unknown, as a grain of sand compared with a mountain. We go forth amid this endless variety, and begin to learn and appropriate to ourselves. But when we set out on our journey of observation, we are seldom well trained, and an incoherency and vagueness of attention come over us. We wander from one object to another, without thoroughly understanding any. We lose ourselves among things which we do understand, and those which we imperfectly comprehend: and when we occasionally wake up to a kind of consciousness, it is only to find ourselves encumbered with truths, the connecting principle of which we have never ascertained. The mind can no longer confine itself to a few facts, and insulate them for study, because it is distracted by the multiplicity that is before it. We resemble a child, or a rustic, carried for the first time into the heart of a great city. He gazes round upon the countless throng, the new objects, the

implements, the bustle, the throbbing pulses of the great mass of human society; all of which he sees. He sees that they are there, but *how* and *why*, he has not time to consider; his mind and senses become giddy and inoperative from the excess of their own perceptions.

There is necessary, on the part of the individual mind, a habit and power of arranging the knowledge that is offered to it: and where this is wanting, nothing but confusion and uncertainty can be the result. There is necessary, too, on the part of those who undertake to teach, a great simplicity combined with great thoroughness, and an earnest devotion to the one subject that for the time occupies attention. We recur again to the illustration of the child. Had you taken him into the crowded scene of human occupations and pleasures, and explained to him the nature and uses of every object as it came before his eyes—while all the rest were, for the time, excluded from his notice—the whole would have been gradually unfolded to his perceptions; and he would soon have come to see as much order and harmony and purpose, as he does who has grown up in the dust and din of the streets, and to whom the very confusion of the great Babel is the music of his home. So it is with the teaching of the people. Knowledge should be presented carefully, diligently, thoroughly; not in large masses, nor yet broken into piecemeal forms.

But where is all this Diffusion of Knowledge tending? What are to be its effects and results? How is it operating upon the poetic talent? Are we to see?—let us recur to that fine, but pleasing and not wholly unprofitable speculation—are we to see any more poems like the *Iliad*? Are we to have any more Shakspeares, or Dantes, or Spencers? Probably not; and the reason, doubtless, is to be looked for in the present state and cultivation of society. If we go back to those periods when, in any nation, her great masters lived and wrote, we find the whole constitution and appearance of society so entirely different from any thing we see at present, that if it were not for some universal traits in the human character, we might think that it had undergone an entire change. In a comparatively rude and inartificial state of society, every feeling and passion is in the full vigor and strength of early development. The impressions which the imagination takes from the external world, are more vivid, because there are fewer thoughts and associations in the mind to fill its time and distract its attention. Traits of character, too, are more strongly marked. All men are not yet reduced to so nearly the same level as they stand upon in a state of wide cultivation. In such periods too, there was, as has been said by Dr. Johnson, but little literature,

and still less education ; but when the rare seed was scattered, it fell upon a soil of a nature more luxuriant, in proportion as it had been hitherto uncultivated.

Modern poetry is undoubtedly "true to nature," as the phrase is, as well as that of the great authors. But *the* nature to which the great poets are true, is that which embraces the deep and universal, and immutable in Man. It is permanent and independent of all particular customs and habits of thought and feeling. The modern poet occasionally gets a glimpse of this high and universal nature ; but education, custom, the generalizing influences of literature, soon bring him back to that which is transitory and fluctuating. It has been said by a fine critic, that Shakspeare will be read as long as the English language is known, and that he will be to the last generation which shall use or know that tongue, what he has been to us ; while no one can predict that any of the modern poets will endure for half that imaginable period. The one is the poet of Nature : the others are more or less the poets of Fashion, or a prevailing taste. But where are Byron and Scott, and the host of the leading moderns ? *They* have written well, surely ; and is their poetry inferior to that of earlier and less civilized times ? The poetry of all but Scott is inferior, inasmuch as a part is inferior to the whole. By this we mean that the modern poetry, instead of being a mirror in which we see reflected the universal traits of man, is but the portraiture of individual characteristics and feelings. Byron, for instance, never rose to that height whence he could look down over the whole human race. He stands in the crowd—among them, if not of them—and pours through the focus of some single passion the burning and concentrated feelings of his individual bosom. To a considerable extent this is the character of all modern poetry. It is not universal feeling, embracing and embraced by the universal heart of man. It is individual feeling, dwelling upon its own griefs or joys, as if they were the only objects to call for its attention. In England, a great deal has been written within the last two centuries, which is all very well. It answers the present demand ; perhaps will answer for two centuries more ; but how much of it will live forever, we are not prepared to say. In this country we find, scattered here and there, a few pieces, bright gems, which perhaps owe a part of their lustre to the contrast with the rubbish that surrounds them.

The poetic talent, then, if we are right in these speculations, is in its highest function and chief excellence becoming more and more rare in modern times, from the generalizing and equalizing influences of education and social refinement. But, it may be asked, why should there not rise a second Homer

among some nation now uncivilized, but at the period of that transition from barbarism to cultivation, which has been supposed favorable to the development of this talent in its fullest vigor? The answer is, that the condition of the world is changed. Civilization and refinement do not now originate in and gradually leaven the whole mass of a nation, as was the case among the Greeks, when we look to Homer; or among the Italians in the case of Dante; or in the English in that of Chaucer and Shakspeare; or in Spain in that of Lope de Vega. Civilization comes now to the countries of barbarism from abroad, borne on the full tide of commercial adventure and speculation. The colony is planted: the foreigner crowds upon the native; the old race disappears or is amalgamated with the new; and thus a whole people is changed, without that gradual development of peculiar and national characteristics, in which, as it seems to us, a great poet must be born.

But how is it with Science? Does it, like Poetry, start almost at once into the fulness and vigor of maturity? Has it reached a point beyond which it is not likely to pass, and is there reason to believe that the extension of civilization and the increase of those relations which bind men together in society, and the observation of Nature for many successive centuries, will be unfavorable to its further advancement? The statement of these questions carries with it a negative answer. As a branch of human learning, Science depends much upon the reasoning faculty; and this faculty is always increasing in strength in proportion to its exercise. Science also has for its object, in general, the relief of the wants and the amelioration of the physical condition of mankind. This gives it a foundation on which it will always rest, since the wants of men can never cease to make demands upon it. Finally, Science depends for its progress and improvement on Time. Age after age, experiments must be multiplied; the course of Nature for successive centuries must be watched: new qualities, new facts, new principles must be elicited; and as knowledge is more generally diffused, there is an increase in the number of those who are able to test the truth of a theory or discovery, and thus the exactness and perfection of Science are continually advanced. If we come to the inquiry for materials and occasions for scientific research, we find reasons no less strong for its support and cultivation from that source. It is true that many branches of discovery are apparently filled up. But even in these we cannot suppose that there are no more discoveries to be made. It is true also that we enjoy a high state of physical life. But every disease, every pain, every inconvenience, every want, ad-

monish us that we are not physically perfect, or so near to perfection as perhaps we may attain.

The tendency of modern society, then, is to that class of ideas which address themselves to the reason : and as civilization goes on, the imagination loses its vigor and beauty. As the work of observation and discovery progresses, the materials for science are multiplied, while those for poetry are diminished ; for Poetry is conversant with nature as it is presented through the delusions of the senses, while Science aims to establish its true characteristics, and to dispel all delusion whatsoever. / Not only is this tendency of the human mind true in theory, but also in point of fact. Subjects which belong to the class of the sciences have occupied and are now occupying more of the attention of the world, than the aggregate of all the other branches of human learning. Doubtless there is much reason for congratulating ourselves that such is the case, for the perfection of science tends to diminish the whole amount of human misery ; and if we can carry our thoughts forward to a period when the world shall have become old and ripe, when every element in nature shall have been discovered, and when the great globe itself shall have been thoroughly searched and known, we may fancy a period when sickness and want will have but a feeble dominion over the human race, and the generations of men will pass away by the gradual cessation of the functions of life consequent upon old age.

/ But if we go on to make scientific pursuits more important than all others, we must do so at a considerable depreciation of those which are addressed to the imagination and the taste. Thus we come to regard those branches of learning, which are allied to the moral and spiritual, as of secondary importance, when compared with those which advance our physical condition. In such a state of things, the moral and physical well-being of society will no longer keep pace with each other ; the latter will gain the ascendancy, and the evil will then be apparent too late for a remedy. / Certainly the sciences have a great influence in refining and sharpening the intellects of those who cultivate them ; but then they are, and perhaps always will be, regarded by the bulk of mankind as merely subservient to the great purpose of increasing their comforts in the flesh. "Utility" is *their* cry : and accordingly the philosopher is driven to make utility the end of his studies. There is a mode too, in which an exclusive devotion to science may operate injuriously on the mind of the inquirer himself. Not only is he likely to regard other subjects as inferior to his own, but in his own department—unless he be of a rarely constituted mind—he becomes contracted in his views, by constantly dwelling upon minute objects. After

pushing his inquiries among the *minutiæ* of nature, he forgets that the system of the universe has wider relations among its parts than those which he has made the object of his study. His mind becomes wedded to littleness, and great conceptions are beyond his grasp.

“ Inquire of ancient wisdom ; go, demand
Of mighty Nature, if ’twas ever meant
That we should pry far off, yet be unwearied :
That we should pore, and dwindle as we pore,
Viewing all objects unremittingly
In disconnection, dead and spiritless—
And still dividing and dividing still,
Break down all grandeur ; still unsatisfied
With the perverse attempt, while littleness may
Become more little—waging thus
An impious warfare, with the very life
Of our own souls !——”*

There is still another effect of the study of Science on the mind of the inquirer that is to be deprecated. All things at first become to him gross and material. He searches into the secrets of the natural world, and finds destruction and decay pervading every quarter. Perhaps he does not reflect that “the circle of eternal change, which is the life of Nature,” will renovate and restore. Even the matchless face of human beauty, around which we naturally throw much of spiritual and intellectual refinement, comes to be regarded only as a mere assemblage of organs, more or less adapted to serve a particular purpose. At last knowledge becomes a weariness : and wrapping ourselves in what we are pleased to call our philosophy, we sit down to dream.

We have said that poetry has declined. By this we mean the faculty of invention—of originating, and not of enjoying or appreciating. This is the same in all ages, or rather, it increases with increased cultivation. It should be a care, therefore, that, among the subjects of education, those should not be lost sight of which belong to the taste. It is, after all, the elegant accomplishments rather than the merely useful, which need a diligent and deliberate attention : not for purposes of display, but for the sake of that refinement without which the merely useful has no more dignity than the convenient properties of a spinning-jenny or a steam-engine. Education is not solely an instrument for accomplishing the mere *business* of life. It ought to be made a means whereby we can be fitted to enjoy and fulfil life, in the most rational, elevated, refined condition, with the most varied susceptibilities of happiness to our-

* Wordsworth.

selves, and capabilities of doing good to others. There is an element in life itself, in every object around us, and in our own minds, which we do not sufficiently regard, and the right use of which we but imperfectly comprehend. It is the element of the beautiful. But it does not lie upon the surface of life, as the useful is found. It must be sought after and labored out. The useful is that which is also necessary; and Nature has, therefore, rendered it easy of acquisition, in order that the whole human race may be provided for. But that which belongs to the elegant and beautiful must be brought out by skill, and nice industry and delicate practice.

LINES WRITTEN IN SPRING-TIME.

SWEET Spring has come! the young, gay, laughing Spring!
 Her beauteous brow all garlanded with flowers,
 And her fair drapery so lightly flung
 That one rude, angry breath of her stern sire
 Would rend the fairy fabric from her form.
 Upspringing gladsome at her gentle tread
 The tiny blossoms peep from forth their nooks,
 And deck them with the hues, and breathe the sweets,
 She flings disportive as she glides along.
 She beckons—haste thee—not a spot but teems
 With bursting beauties, not a tree but glows
 With touch mysterious from her magic wand;
 The humming insect, and the sweet song-bird,
 Warbling its lay of early love in dells
 Where genial sunshine beams, whisper of Spring!
 The babbling brook tells every moss-wreath'd stone
 O'er which it leaps—"Ice-bound I lay, and death-like,
 Until I caught her glance, look'd in her eyes,
 And melted 'neath their ray." Sweet Spring has come!
 Forth at the joyous sound—wind through the dales—
 Fly with her to the woods—hie to the hills—
 Climb to the mountain top—and health's sweet rose
 Will bloom upon thy cheek, thy soul shall thrill
 With new awak'd delight, 'till the warm heart,
 Full even to bursting with a sense of bliss,
 Cries out—"God, what a blessing 'tis to be!"

J. C.

"UNSTABLE AS WATER, THOU SHALT NOT
EXCEL."

"The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it : from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with deeds, be it thought done."

MACBETH.

I HAVE often observed, that when a preacher confesses himself guilty of any particular sin, for which he desires to reprove the members of his flock, the latter receive the admonition with all due humility, and an appearance of proper self-abasement—with very much the same feelings, in fact, with which they regard the still more comprehensive truth, that all men are sinners ; seeming quite ready to acknowledge faults that so good a man as their spiritual guide has not been able to avoid, or that appear inseparable from humanity. And, on the other hand, I have seen, that, whenever sins are denounced as peculiar to the hearers, or any part of them, each one either looks among his neighbors for an example, or complains of the preacher's undue harshness and his want of charity. On this account I intend, in the present paper, to set forth some of my own failings—a purpose which is strengthened by the apprehension, that, whatever fictitious name I might employ in describing the character proposed, and notwithstanding all the professions of innocence that I could make, many individuals would probably accuse me of wanton personality, and feel incensed at my thus exposing their private foibles to the public gaze.

I may as well set out by remarking, that my readers would, themselves, soon conjecture that I am of rather a fickle disposition. The truth is, I seldom pass a single day without forming a multitude of determinations, never fulfilled, or even long remembered, and without commencing some course of action to be very soon abandoned. Especially is it thus with me in regard to purposes of reformation.

I generally find, that, while making good resolutions for future conduct, I neglect both the improvement of the present, and the profit to be derived from reflecting on the past: the present is spent in forming them, and the past is usually lost sight of in a feeling of self-complacency in anticipation of reform. Here, at once, are exhibited two of the causes that pro-

duce that fickleness of character of which I speak. I sometimes sit the whole morning in a sort of reverie; plans and purposes of amendment being the chief burden of my thoughts, which frequently, indeed, wander off upon the by-paths here and there opening to view, but generally soon return to the main track, though the divergence often makes it necessary to revert to the place of starting. This dreamy state entirely unfits me for action. It is very similar in its symptoms to that listless existence, on which multitudes open their eyes every morning, at least an hour before rising, which is spun out with a continual though but feeble contest between delicious sensations inviting to repose, and a lurking disquietude—a glimmering sense of sluggishness, somewhat diminished by fixed purposes of emulating the morrow's sun, and making but a show of resistance until aided by the sound of a breakfast-bell, or by some equally effective *corps de reserve*. If any plan or determination is completed, instead of immediately setting to work to carry it out in action—a degree of exertion that my calm, placid feelings forbid—I amuse myself by re-examining the whole matter, or by anticipating the brilliant end of the new course to be pursued, until I lose sight of all the way-marks, and must begin to trace it out afresh.

To illustrate my meaning still farther, I will descend to particulars. This morning, when my usual hour of study commenced, I sat down with my book in hand, but had not read half-a-dozen sentences before the tempter suggested the propriety of my doing again what I had done no longer ago than yesterday—framing precise rules for the disposition of my time. I began—"Rise at five o'clock—From five 'till breakfast; exercise—From breakfast—" Just here, naturally enough, I thought of the ancient lines,

"Sex horas somno, totidem des legibus æquis:
Quatuor orabis, des epulisque duas:
Quod superest ultro largire camænis;"

and from them wandered to the place where I had last seen them—in Coke on Littleton. This recurrence to old Coke brought to mind his quaint criticism on poetical quotations:—"Verses at the first were invented for the helpe of memorie, and it standeth well with the gravitie of our lawyer to cite them." Then, by a wonderful effort, I got upon my feet, and crossing the floor to my book-case, took down a long-neglected, dusty, worm-eaten copy of the old pedant's first Institute, and returning to sink again into my arm-chair, searched out a few passages that came faintly back to me as if from afar—among others a second apology for citing verses:—"Authoritates phi-

losophorum, medicorum, et poetarum sunt in causis allegandæ et tenedæ." So then I fell to considering on which of these characters my authority could be founded. A doctor I certainly was not. A poet—I will not say whether I have ever attempted rhyme—it is enough for the reader to know that a poet's authority extends not beyond his poetry—his prose can claim no particular, *ex officio* pre-eminence; and that, finally, I concluded, that whatever else I might be, I was at least a philosopher—a most general and comprehensive title, for the world is made up chiefly of Philosophers—Stoics, Peripatetics, Epicureans, *et id omne genus*. But I will not trouble the reader with my further wanderings, having already illustrated part of a truth which somebody—I forget who—has discovered:—that a wise man has as many ridiculous and senseless thoughts as a fool—his wisdom being manifested in his selection of those proper to be made public. Which part of the truth I mean, the reader may judge. It is enough for my present purpose to say, that at last I got back to the main inquiry—how could my time best be divided—and, after many excursive digressions, formed a complete tabular plan for the employment of every minute of the day, taking out my watch, as the labor was concluded, to mark the precise moment—the era from which I was to date my reformation—for it was to commence immediately. This last movement was made with such an air of resolution and serious business, that I felt sure a triumph was at hand; and having replaced the watch, leaned back again in my chair, to indulge, for an instant, the pleasant anticipations—the visions of greatness that came crowding upon me. That instant was fatal. Just then a new thought crossed my mind:—perhaps my plan was not, after all, the very best possible! The admission of such a doubt, let me warn the reader, is, in nine cases out of ten, the destruction of all plan. I conned over the matter, and a disinclination to immediate exertion suggesting fresh difficulties, at last, like the Irishman, I threw away my guinea, for fear of its being light and my losing a shilling thereby! In fact, before all was over, I had forgotten what the plan was. After the fatigues of this business, so happily concluded, a drowsiness came upon me, which ended shortly in a sound nap.

But even when I have succeeded in shaking off this torpor, so as to commence instantly to put good resolutions into effect, by no means the greatest obstacle has been surmounted. It is more difficult to hold on than set out in a right course. I generally soon find, that I have not properly "girt up the loins of my mind" for the undertaking. One reason of this has usually been, what I have before mentioned—that, while gazing on brilliant prospects, the lesson to be derived from reviewing the

past has been forgotten. Repentance must always precede reformation. A vivid sense of past failure and errors is necessary to the existence of a proper feeling of the importance of amendment. Even reason takes its strongest arguments from experience; but reason alone, without feeling, can never prompt to energetic action. Especially where habits have been long fixed, must a man's soul be wrought up by a consciousness of their injurious effects and iron sway, almost to a state of desperation, before he can throw them off by a convulsive effort.

After due reflection on the past has produced strong impressions of the urgent necessity of a new course of life; when the feelings impel to a stern struggle, I still fall into another error—that of placing dependence for success on something else than my own strength of purpose and of nerve—in neglecting to call up every power of mind and body for the trial. But I must illustrate this point more at large, as it seems an important one.

Before I had learned anything of my own character, of course, a fear of irresolution never troubled me. I felt as if to purpose and to do were almost the same thing; and, for a long time, attributed failure to untoward circumstances—not to any inherent weakness of mind. Then, when the truth flashed upon me—when I felt a want of firmness and decision, the thought gave me pain—drove me almost to despair. But soon came to my relief the happy idea, that the recollection of these highly painful sensations would thereafter spur me on; and, regaining my composure, I formed a multitude of most excellent determinations, and afterwards patiently waited for the impulse which memory was to give, as the crowds that gathered round the Pool of Siloam waited for the moving of its waters. Alas! the memory of *joys* that are past is seldom vivid, even though we strive to recall and dwell upon them. What, then, must be the memory of by-gone *sorrows*, which feeling prompts us to forget?

Sometimes I made very general resolutions. I resolved, when studying Greek, to become a great linguist; when reading law, to scale the summits of the profession; or, at times, more indefinitely still, that I would be a great philosopher—a great man. The magnitude of the design confounded me: it was hard to determine on the primary means of accomplishing such grand results; for every thing now appeared insignificant, in comparison with the object, which, in the distance, filled the circle of vision. Though I lost hours, days, and even weeks and months, in idleness, this waste of time did not alarm me. I must wait the flow of years to mark any notable approximation to the end proposed. All this was very consoling to an idle man!

Again I would place trust in the luckiness of the era from which my reformation was to date. It seemed impossible that a plan to be put in operation on Christmas, or New-Year's day ; on General Washington's, or my own birth-day ; on the Fourth of July, the eighth of January, St. Patrick's or St. George's day ; on the first day or Monday of a month, or even the beginning of a week—it seemed impossible that such a plan should fail. I have sometimes spent a fortnight immediately preceding one of these extraordinary points of time, in deliberate idleness, without a single twinge of conscience ; feeling quite confident that when the blessed moment should arrive, I should be quite ready to start off upon the race, and that I might, properly enough, take a short breathing spell before-hand. I have not, even yet, lost all regard to such a distinction between lucky and unlucky days, and am firmly resolved to commence, on the next New-Year's, to make myself a distinguished man. No doubt I shall become a "Great Unknown" to my readers. I hope they will watch for my culmination, remembering that a star of the first magnitude may be seen without the aid of a telescope. When they make the discovery of a new light in the glorious constellation of the American Monthly, their admiration should be expressed by the most extravagant transports.

But all these grounds of dependence having failed, my last resort has been to take the same precaution, in dealing with myself, that lawyers advise for the preservation between man and man :—I draw up all my resolutions in the form of *promissory notes*, sign them, and lay them by in my pocket-book, guarding them as carefully as I would the legal assurance of a large estate. For this valuable contrivance I take to myself great praise ; though, to be sure, I may have received a hint on the subject from Job's declaration that he had "made a covenant with his eyes ;" but then it nowhere appears that this covenant was in writing, and had the legal requisites which would have made it as available as mine in *foro conscientiae*. I would take out a patent for the invention, if not afraid that the clerks in the Patent Office might be unable either to understand or appreciate the merit of a purely moral contrivance—one intended to benefit the conscience alone. They could not, probably, be made to believe in the existence of that internal monitor ; much less in the efficacy of a "bit o' writin'," in assisting its operations. And then, I wish my plan to be universally adopted by men who lack energy and decision of character. And perhaps none would be willing, at least before trying its value, to pay for the privilege of establishing a "court of record" for self-governance. Many are satisfied to give a good price for beef, and

think, too, that they get the worth of their money, who would not pay a groat for a new idea or a moral lesson, though much more in need thereof, than of provison for sensual indulgence.

At this very moment I have several of these valuable securities in my pocket-book. For the public good I will lay one or two of them before the reader, though never intended to be so exposed. The first is as follows:—

"I ——— promise well and truly to devote two hours per day to the study of the Kamtschatkan language and literature. Witness myself, the twenty-first day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight."

Another runs thus:—

"I resolve to govern my appetite, and never hereafter eat so much at dinner as to make an afternoon nap necessary; and I further promise that no plea of dining with friends, nor any kind or degree of temptation shall be regarded as a sufficient excuse for violating this resolution: In witness whereof I do hereunto sign my name —

" ——— ———."

"September 23d, 1838."

The reader will naturally feel inclined to ask whether this plan has succeeded—whether all my determinations are now faithfully fulfilled. I have as yet spoken only of the good points of the invention; but, in answer to this question, must mention a single defect, which alone thus far appears remediless. Legal securities are always held completely in power of the party most interested in their careful preservation. Not so with the instruments at present under notice. Here, the two parties concerned—reason and feeling—have a joint possession; and, as feeling is the one bound by the contract—the *obligée*, in legal phrase—as it is ever fretted by restraint, and withal is the more prompt in action, these securities are continually in danger of being destroyed. So long as they escape destruction, their influence is powerful. Conscience is always uneasy when they are violated in either letter or spirit. Now, this uneasiness would certainly have the effect of forcing me to fulfil my resolutions, if there were not a more facile method of appeasing conscience. But, usually, when a few days of neglect have passed over a newly-formed purpose, and this inward monitor begins to whisper its stinging reproaches, in a fit of disappointment and self-dissatisfaction, I burn the record of my weakness, and then begin to resolve and plan afresh. I am at a loss to understand the exact *modus operandi* of fire in this instance. Why a

promise is less binding *in foro conscientiæ*, because the written evidence of it is destroyed, it seems hard to tell. My investigations of the subject have proved fruitless, but I can vouch for the fact. No sooner have the flames devoured all my promissory notes, than I begin to experience a perfect ease of conscience and severity of mind. I feel like a man who has taken the benefit of a bankrupt act, and is entirely relieved from all fear of warrant and bailiffs, and from the pressure of overwhelming obligations—as if every old score was blotted out, and I might begin the world anew.

I should fear that these feelings arose from some mental obliquity peculiar to myself, if it were not that I have observed the same in others. To mention a single case in point:—I recollect that when I was at college, certain zealous advocates of the Temperance cause, which was then just coming into general notice, established a Total Abstinence Society among the students. This society never lacked a goodly number of members. Many joined it because they were, in both theory and practice, temperance men; some on that next morning of feverish remorse to which they awoke after a night of debauch; and others, when threatened with rustication or expulsion, and anxious to find favor in the sight of the faculty. Of course, nearly all but those of the first class were rather weak in the faith. Some of them soon renounced their vows, considering themselves to have been under a species of duress—a force of circumstances—when they had subscribed the pledge. But there were many sighing for release, who could not satisfy conscience thus easily. One night, when the voice of frolic sounded out right merrily, and temptations clustered thick over swimming bowls of punch, a happy expedient was suggested by some one who felt the *spirit* stir within in, to his lugubrious cold-water companions:—"If the book were only burned, the pledge would be no longer binding." The hint was received with acclamation. A party forthwith banded themselves together, broke into the secretary's room, bore off the books of the Society in triumph, and consigned them to the flames, sprinkling the sacrifice with a vinous libation. Then, by an unanimous vote, a general absolution from the vow of abstinence was pronounced. As a moral to my tale, I should add, that the noise of revelry which followed, soon attracted to the chamber unpleasant visitors—the tutors.

I once thought that I had hit upon a plan for supplying the defect in my invention:—I drew up a formal promise that I would not thereafter burn any of my securities for good behaviour, but would let them remain, even to bear witness of my own weakness, and thus shame me into exertion. But what was to save

this last security from the fate of those which it was intended to secure? "Who were to flank the flankers?" The flames still gave me absolution, first from the new promise, then from several others the fate of which it had for a few days delayed.

TO ———.

I KNEW, I knew the hour would come,
 When all my blossomed joys would fade,
 And the new sun-light of my heart
 Grow dim in disappointment's shade:—
 Yet when I gazed on thy dear brow,
 And thrill'd beneath thy tender glance,
 I still dream'd on, and could not free
 My soul from its deceitful trance.

How lone will be my lot! unknown,
 Perchance uncared for by the throng,
 Who seek the world's illumin'd scenes,
 My days must sadly glide along—
 Yet in the bower of calm content,
 In Solitude's romantic cell,
 In Study's quiet, cloistered grove,
 I still can, unrepining, dwell!

I do not love the giddy crowd;
 I cannot, if I would, adorn
 The splendid pageantry, that melts
 Like mists before the smile of morn:—
 To me the tones of those I love
 Are dearer than the songs of mirth;
 And all delights less prized by me
 Than those around the household hearth.

Alas! alas! I fondly chased
 A phantom of unreal joy,
 And fancied that my gold of life
 Was mingled with no base alloy—
 But all is lost! and I must mourn
 My perish'd hope, my vanish'd dream—
 My fond delusions pass'd away,
 Like bubbles on a sparkling stream.

Still, when I meet thy tearful eye
 So fraught with pure and holy light,
 My spirit's wing droops feebly down,
 Though poised to try a distant flight;
 'Tis fetter'd by a silver link,
 A silken chain, and cannot flee;
 Yet better loves such happy bonds,
 Than liberty, away from thee!

HERMION.

THE PROGRESS OF THE ULTRA-DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLE.

NO. II.

WE, the people of this country, have much for which to congratulate ourselves; but for nothing so much as that the men who first settled along the Atlantic, and laid the foundations of civil government there, were republicans—that the Colonies, before the revolution, from the time of their rudest formation as communities, were thoroughly republican in their feelings, habits, and institutions. It may well pass into an aphorism, that full-grown nations never change from monarchies into democracies, but often and naturally from democracies into despotisms. It conveys an important and momentous truth; and we may reasonably be alarmed—more especially if we consider the reasons on which it is founded, and the mournful experience which warrants it—at the progress of the ultra-democratic principle in this country.

The spirit and feeling of the people ever involves in itself the destiny or the frame of government. "Without the earth-rind of habit," says Carlyle, and the thought is true as it is beautiful, "call it system of habits, in a word, *fixed-ways* of acting and believing, society would not exist at all. With such it exists, better or worse. Herein, too, in this its system of habits, acquired, retained, as you will, lies the true law-code and constitution of a society; the only code, though an unwritten one, which it can in no wise *disobey*. The thing we call code, constitution, form of government, and the like, what is it but some miniature image and solemnly-expressed summary of this unwritten code? *Is*—or, alas, is *not*—but only should be, and always tends to be."

The habits and political faith of the people must ever rule the government, and change, alter, and re-model wherever they will. Those habits, in a monarchy, tend ever to its preservation; in a republic, wherein the spirit of ultra-democracy prevails, to its change and revolution into a despotism. Mankind are prone to be governed; and the spirit of ultra-democracy, as we said before, tends naturally and directly to throw all power into the hands of a few demagogues, or perhaps but one, who,

claiming to be the direct and immediate representative of the sovereign people, demands as a divine right, in the name of the people, without the enthrallments of law or constitution, to govern, not the people, but *for* the people—to embody and give effect to the people's will, which shortly degenerates into enforcing his own will, cunningly persuading the people all the time that it is theirs.

It is in vain to expect of a people who have been long habituated to submission to the government of one man, that they will be able to grasp and hold steadily the reins of constitutional government. It is true that the multitude, startled and infuriated, may sometimes uproot and overturn their established formula of government, and reel unsteadily for a while in riot and anarchy, perhaps even with the form of a constitution and republicanism, imagining that they are free; but they ever have sunk, and ever will sink back into their old habit of dependance and subjection to some one superior will; making better terms perhaps—perhaps worse; yet always clinging to their accustomed form of government. No constitutional form of free government will ever be permanently established by any people, until after it has become thoroughly republican in its habits, firmly fixed and wedded by long use and custom to a free elective government. The Puritans of England, republicans in the abstract and in their notions, but not in their habits, dethroned and executed their king; and before a republic had time to grow up on the ruins of monarchy, they were prostrate at the feet of a Lord Protector; and hardly were his bones laid in the grave, when the second Charles sat on the throne of his father. France overthrew all her established institutions, beheaded her king and queen, made and swore to a republican constitution, into which the breath of life was never breathed; and then, with a joyful acquiescence, sunk into subjection to the iron despotism of Napoleon. The dynasty of that man would have ruled perhaps longer than the dynasty of the Bourbons had foreign force not interfered to rescue the nation from *itself*. His memory is still revered by the people whom he so often led to victory. France has for ages been habituated to the rule of one man. It was the atmosphere in which she breathed, and republicanism was irksome and unnatural. Habit in nations is stronger even than in individuals, and centuries of oppression and slavishness often pass over the heads of whole masses, without one struggle for a change. France again rebelled, and in three days revolutionized herself; yet it was only to exchange one king for another more tyrannical. Mexico revolted; yet she first became an independent nation as an *empire*, under Iturbide. The habits of her people—their “fixed-

ways of acting and believing," were not republican. Nor are they yet; nor will they ever be. A nation must commence its existence as a republic, or remain a despotism. There, it is a despotism yet; although she has the semblance and formula of republicanism, a constitution which is a dead letter—the mere appendage of a military despotism. The rule of one man is natural to her people. Paraguay is in the same condition under Francia. The other South American *Republics* change their phases as often as the moon. There, are no republican habits, and of course there can be no republican government. Greece, too, whose existence we fondly anticipated as a republic, exists under a Bavarian king.

How then do *we* exist as we are? Plainly because our fathers were republicans when they landed on these shores; because in most of the colonies the principles of popular government were directly recognized and declared by solemn ordinance; because from the very day of our incipient existence as colonies, our fathers taught, and their children learned, that man had the right and the power to govern himself; because the local concerns of the colonies were administered by representatives of the people; because the country *grew up* republican, and our sires were habituated to the doctrine, till it became a part of their nature, that neither King nor Parliament had the right to interfere in our local affairs, to restrain our local legislation, or tax us against our consent; because all the colonies looked upon a republican form of government as the natural and only correct one, and the kingly form as only superinduced by necessity. Our habits, our faith, our "fixed-ways of acting and believing," were all republican when the revolution commenced its march. We had not, like France under Louis the Sixteenth, or England under the first Charles, to root up and overturn our own system of government, and thereafter to frame and build up a new formula, investing ourselves in new habits and a new political creed. We had but to throw off a foreign yoke, and *continue as we were*.

To what end then, the reader will be ready to ask, if habit is to rule our destiny, and our habits are republican, to what end declare that our institutions are in jeopardy? Simply thus:

If we will indeed retain those habits and our fixed-ways of believing and acting—the political faith of our sires—our veneration for the constitution—a firm belief *as a nation*, a settled, deliberate, unchangeable conviction that this constitution and this precise system of government under which we live, are the best which the wisdom of man ever framed or ever can frame; if the whole nation stand upon the broad platform of the consti-

tution, without a feeling of distrust or a desire of change, then are we safe—for ever.

But if, on the contrary, we permit the ultra-democratic principle to spread far and wide, and become the faith and habit of the people—if it become their settled conviction, their firm, fixed creed, that they are not free enough—that the constitution should be amended—that its “aristocratic features” should be stricken out—that the judiciary should be made more dependant on popular feeling—the upper house more submissive to popular caprice—Then we say that the constitution is gone, changed, swallowed up, in this new faith, and revolution must break out, volcano-like, from the gulf.

The natural result of this faith will be, as we have more than once said, that the popular feeling will find some organ—nay, has it not already found one? some bold, unscrupulous man, who, as the direct representative of the people's friend, will superinduce upon this faith the additional habit which ever has grown and ever will grow out of ultra-democracy—the habit of trusting all to one man, and making him their despot, in order to imagine themselves free. Some man must concentrate the whole power and will of the mass in himself, in order to make it effective; and so ultra-democracy speedily makes for itself an idol—an expositor of the popular will, who becomes a dictator or a despot, because the people will have it so. Who dare deny, with the mid-noon light of history glaring in his eyes, that mankind naturally incline to be governed by one man—that the fiercest democracy is ever most ready to see the crown on the head of its favorite? The fanatical and stern zealots of England rejoiced when Cromwell became Lord Protector. France, anarchical, democratic France, heaved with tumultuous joy and universal acclamation when Napoleon became successively First Consul, Consul for life, and Emperor. Rome shouted when Anthony placed the crown on the head of Cæsar; and after long centuries, again and full as loudly as when Rienzi was anointed Tribune. Naples for three days hailed the fisher-boy Masaniello as her Dictator. Mexico uttered loud *vivas* to Iturbide and Santa Ana; and our own army, after the revolution, were almost ready to make Washington a king. These are not fables. Human nature will never change. What then protects us? The *habits* of this great, educated, enlightened people. The deep-rooted, firm-fixed, abiding conviction, which should be to the full as permanent and unchangeable as a religious belief, that our constitution and form of government is the only one which can ensure to us freedom and uninterrupted political prosperity—which should regard any attack, open or

covert, upon that great instrument, as sacrilege—which should look upon the constitution as the Bible of our political faith.

Therefore it is that we are called on, by every consideration of duty and patriotism, to do, each what little he may be able, to arrest the march of ultra-democracy, and to conform the habits of the people, “the fixed-ways of acting and believing,” to the constitution. In our first number we traced out and considered many of the instances in which the newly-acquired habits of thought and belief of a large portion of the people had forced our constitution to accommodate itself to them. Such must ever be the case. The people can never disobey their habits. The constitution, when brought into collision with these habits, is but a shred of parchment. It must be construed according to the new faith, or wither up and shrivel away in the fire of popular excitement; and our only remedy for present evil is, therefore, to act upon those habits.

No man can look dispassionately at the present situation of the country without seeing at once how easy it is for new ways of thinking among the people to change the whole spirit of the government, while the letter of the Constitution remains untouched, yet almost a dead letter. Perhaps no more striking and melancholy example of this can be found than the course of the last President with regard to the Bank of the United States, and the people’s approval of his doctrines and his course in that matter.

By the Constitution, the Supreme Judiciary is made the interpreter of the Constitution and the laws. It has the right and the power to say what laws are constitutional, and what are null and void as unconstitutional: and in so doing, virtually to repeal and annul laws which have received the sanction of the Legislature and the Executive. To the Supreme Court there lies an appeal from the acts of the Legislature and the Executive; *from* it there is no appeal. It is the tribunal of last resort; and a question which it has settled, is *finally* settled. Its decisions upon constitutional questions are a part of the law of the land, recognized as such by the Constitution, and can only be revised or annulled by itself. The President was sworn to support the Constitution of the United States. The Supreme Judiciary had unanimously and solemnly decided that the Bank of the United States was chartered in accordance with the Constitution; yet General Jackson based his veto, as well as his after-warfare against the Bank, expressly on the ground that the charter was unconstitutional; and his party among the people applauded and sustained him. Now we say, and say it soberly, that General Jackson, in so doing, was guilty of moral treason, and a direct attack upon the Constitution. To predi-

cate either Executive or Legislative action upon any constitutional doctrine which has been expressly overruled by the Supreme Court, is *rebellion* against the principles of the Constitution. It is saying that the decisions of that tribunal, which has the constitutional right to decide, shall no longer be binding on the co-ordinate and inferior departments of the Government. It is a nullification more odious and less excusable than that of South Carolina—for she had at least the semblance of right—here there is not the shadow of it.

Let us for a moment suppose that Congress had passed an *ex post facto* law. The constitutionality of the law is brought directly in question before the Supreme Court, and that tribunal solemnly decides the law to be contrary to the Constitution, and therefore null and void. Every man in the Union would at once conclude that the question was settled and at rest for ever. Suppose, then, that Congress should declare that the Supreme Court was mistaken, and should thereupon proceed to re-enact the law, or declare it to be still in force notwithstanding the decision against it. Would not this be open rebellion against the Constitution? Would not Congress and the Judiciary be engaged in a contest in which the former could only be victorious by marching over the prostrate body of the Constitution? Yet this was precisely the course adopted by the President. He founded all his measures against the Bank upon a question which had been solemnly decided against him; and by the veto he exercised a Legislative power, in open contempt and disregard of the decision of the Supreme tribunal, and in direct disavowal of its authority to bind him, who had the right to construe the Constitution "as he understood it." Had he by proclamation attempted to enforce a law which that Court had declared unconstitutional, he could not have been in more open rebellion—not more guilty of moral treason.

In this direct attack upon the Constitution, this bold and revolutionary disavowal of the authority of the Supreme Court, the people concurred; and in their concurrence may be seen another and most dangerous development of the ultra-democratic principle.

The present Chief Magistrate is not the favorite of the people. He has done the state no service. He has been neither a distinguished soldier nor an eminent statesman; but he is the successor of the "People's Friend." He is an astute, ambidextrous, chicaning politician, who has had cunning enough to throw himself upon the popular current, where, amid the froth and scum of demagoguism he has floated into a momentary dictatorship. While the voice of history is audible, the world will not forget that Mirabeau, Danton, Conthon, Marat, and

Robespierre ruled in turn a nation of twenty-five millions—by the same pretended solicitude for their welfare—the same unprincipled denunciation of aristocrats—the same professions of ultra-democracy. We draw no comparison between them and Mr. Van Buren ; but the same spirit which ever urges on the populace to create rulers for itself out of the least worthy of its flatterers, elevated them and has elevated him. It is most true that every thing is at present governed by his single will. In the ultra-democratic anxiety of the people to escape from what they have been taught to consider as Legislative and Judicial vassalage, they have submitted themselves, rescue or no rescue, to the Executive ; and he has become the Legislature.

Ay, it is true ; *He is the Legislature*. The Specie Circular and the Sub-Treasury project, which for a year have existed and still exist as the law of the land—have they been sanctioned as such by the Congress of these United States ? They have not ; but they are the law of the land because the Executive so wills it—nay, in open defiance of Congress. The bill to rescind the Specie Circular, which passed both Houses by administration majorities, was calmly and cavalierly put aside by the last Executive ; and the last Congress rejected the Sub-Treasury scheme, with the bold and insolent denunciation still ringing in its ears, uttered by a satellite of the Executive, that, pass it or not, it would remain the law of the land for the next three years, “in spite of lamentations here or elsewhere.”

The people look on and exclaim, that this is a strange state of things. Not strange in the least. It is the natural consequence, the direct development, of the ultra-democratic principle ; which ever prodigally heaps all power on one department, because of its jealousy of the others. The same thing cannot happen in England now, although it did in the days of Cromwell, because Cromwell was the people's representative and type—for now the people are equally jealous of the Executive and the Upper House of Parliament. The constitutional powers of our Chief Magistrate are few and unimportant compared with those of the English monarch—his *actual* powers ten times as great—and such a law in England, enacted by the Crown in opposition to, and contempt of, the Parliament, and continued for one year, would work a revolution and cost King or Queen the throne.

The judiciary no longer offers a check to the extension of the principle or the aggrandizement of the Executive. Degraded as the Bench of the Supreme Court has been, by being held up as the reward for partizan services and pliant subserviency to the dominant will, it may now be considered as a revolutionary tribunal. In dry, jejune, jesuitical, brief opinions, the most alarming doctrines are broached, and the current of former

decisions attempted to be unsettled. *Attempted* we say—for, thank God ! so long as our Constitution endures, the decisions of Marshall and Story will not cease to be considered the true interpretations of that venerable instrument ; yet, what such a tribunal could do, it has done.

We would discuss at length the decisions of that tribunal at the January term 1837, had it not been already done by an abler pen in the New-York Review. Yet we cannot refrain from alluding to one or two of the most glaring and prominent attempts to degrade the Bench and pervert the law for the sake of popular effect and political expediency.

Why declare, in the case of *Briscoe vs. the Bank of the Commonwealth of Kentucky*, that the charter of that bank was constitutional, in manifest contravention of law and fact, and against former adjudications of the same court ? Mr. Justice Story has conclusively shown, in his dissenting opinion in that case, so conclusively that no lawyer who reads his opinion can avoid arriving at the same conclusion,—that the State of Kentucky did, by means of that bank, “emit bills of credit,” in the very sense of those words as used in the Constitution, and against the clear intention and manifest design of that instrument ; and that, therefore, the bank was unconstitutional. Why then the decision—except for the same reason which induced Judge Lawless of Missouri to charge a jury that murder ceased to be murder when committed by a mob ? Because other States had followed the example of Kentucky—other banks like hers had been chartered, and it was not politically expedient that they should be adjudged unconstitutional.

In the case of the *Charles River Bridge vs. the Warren Bridge*, the whole doctrine of franchises was rooted up, the rights of individuals, guaranteed by solemn contract and the constitution, forcibly arrested from them, and judicial robbery perpetrated, in order to chime in with the popular feeling against franchises and monopolies. Here, too, Story threw himself into the breach, and in a dissenting opinion, remarkable for its eloquence, earnestness and sound legal knowledge, demonstrated, with mathematical exactitude and certainty, that the court erred in point of law ; and that the lean and skeleton opinion—which, like deformity eaten to the bone by famine, stands beside his, a mark for mockery and contempt—has not a shadow of law or precedent of legislation or adjudication to support it. We thank him for his manly and noble defence, in these two cases, of constitutional law and private right. It is worthy his exalted fame.

We have no room to do more than barely allude to the case of the *City of New-York vs. Miln*, in which the Court feebly endeavored to overturn all the decisions of Marshall with regard to the exclusive right of Congress to regulate commerce.

Nor can I pass over without comment the strange and disorganizing doctrine of Mr. Justice McKinley, that a banking corporation cannot enforce in one State a contract made in another—a doctrine in direct contravention of the Constitution, and aimed at the very existence of the Union. When the convincing and irrefutable argument of Chancellor Kent upon this decision met the eye of Justice McKinley, he should have shrunk into his native nothingness.

But we shall be told that the people are now fully awake to these things—that there is no longer danger to be apprehended. It is true that the great revolution, which, commencing some eight months since, has lighted up the whole political heaven, is hailed by us, as by every patriot, as the dawn of a brighter and better day. Yet we fear that this revolution, glorious though it is, is rather effected by the measures of the Government with regard to the currency, than prompted by a conviction of the deeper and more dangerous evils of which we have been treating. Every thing at which the people are now exasperated, may be amended,—the Government may cease to tamper with the currency,—commercial prosperity may again gladden the land,—the profligate expenditure of the Government be arrested,—and still the deep-seated disease remain untouched. The present is the proper time, when the whole country is aroused by pecuniary distress and the mad folly of the Government, to teach the people the true primary cause of the evils which have befallen them; and that to the propagation of Jacobinism and the ultra-Democratic principle alone the whole present disorder and distress are owing.

The progress of the principle, which at the accession of Jackson filled all the offices of Government and the halls of Congress with ignorant and noisy pretenders to political science, and sanctioned the warfare then commenced upon the "aristocratic features" of the constitution, also sanctioned the war against the United States Bank when it became odious to the Executive—and afterwards against all banks: with that readiness, ever displayed by the populace, to follow the demagogue, the people enlisted in this warfare, and they are now experiencing its blessings. They sowed the wind—they are now reaping the whirlwind. Providence, perhaps beneficently, urged the last administration to commence and persevere in, with fatuitous obstinacy, those fatal measures which have prostrated commerce, and carried distress and dismay over the whole land. Beneficently, perhaps, we say,—for had not this mad recklessness possessed the President and his advisers, the people might not yet have waked—nay, might have slept on till too late.

Now that they are awake, it is the duty of every patriot to

assist in pointing out the causes which have led to the present state of things. It is the duty of every man to inculcate a reverence for the Constitution, an entire confidence in it as sufficient for our political guidance. Resting ourselves only upon that instrument, resisting to the utmost every attack, open or covert, upon it—with no other lamp by which to guide our footsteps—this great nation may defy time to write the marks of decay upon her forehead—but if she still continue to wander off after the ignis fatuus of ultra-Democracy, she is lost, irretrievably—for ever.

THE BEREFT.

GONE from his hearth and home,
Gone in his manhood's pride,
Ah! never more young bride
Shall thy beloved come.

The lips are seal'd which have so often bless'd thee,
The arms are chill which to the fond heart press'd thee.

There is the book he read,
Here his accustomed seat;
The lute with murmur sweet,
The bird his hand hath fed—

All that he loved is sadly round thee lying,
Thy harp responds but to the night wind's sighing.

Unbraided every tress,
Untouched each sparkling gem,
How can'st thou look on them?
Thy life is valueless.

Gone is the friend by whom those gems were given,
Whose every look was dear as light from heaven!

That was a bitter hour,
When gazing on the dead,
The one so lately wed,
Thy heart's most cherished flower,

Returning consciousness was o'er thee stealing,
Thy utter loneliness of soul revealing!

Deep is thine agony—
But from that better home
From whence he may not come,
He watcheth over thee:

Kneel to the God who heals the broken-hearted,
Kneel to the God who earthly ties hath parted.

Soul purified thou art,
His was thy every thought,
All without him was nought
The worshipped of thy heart:

Almost young bride thou had'st thy God forsaken,
And now in love thine idol hath been taken.

J. C.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE, AND THE DEATH OF AN ANCIENT MAGISTRATE.

BY APOMYIOS.

ALDERMAN VAUCKS was a gentleman of whom it can be said by me, with, I am satisfied, quite as much justice and propriety as was said of Cardinal Wolsey by Shakspeare, that he was of "unbounded stomach;" when I say "unbounded stomach" however, I do not mean, as probably Shakspeare did not, that it shall be taken in the literal sense of those words, viz. that there was no end or limit to it—conceding merely that it was a stomach of remarkable extent and capacity.

I may also state that the Alderman had, in common with all other dignitaries of his class, an inexorable antipathy to the exercise of his physical or mental abilities; and was, withall, a true philosopher—that is to say, he loved eating, drinking, and sleeping, which are the loyal tests—being a great philosopher, he was of course a great man.

Having thus, in a few words, settled this important question, I now proceed to inform the reader, that on the 4th of September, 1713, it being the 17th year of his magistratic authority and the 56th year of his age—while asleep upon the bench of his "fronte stoope," he received a violent hunch or thrust upon the more turgent portion of his body; which, with but one repetition, absolutely awoke him, and caused him forthwith to open his eyes; the which fixed immediately upon the delectable countenance of Gumercatus Opobalsam (familiarily though unpardonably called Gum) the negro of old Egbertus Van Borsom, who whispered something that pleased the Alderman mightily, being to the effect that his mistress would have a quilting party the next evening, at which she would expect to see him. He therefore took Gumercatus into the cellar, and forced him to swallow a stout noggin of apple whiskey, which, according to tradition, was performed to the satisfaction of all concerned.

At the time appointed, the Alderman, with a light step and merry heart, took his departure for the domicile of old Egbertus; at which being arrived, and having got through with his usual round—shaking hands with the old folks, kissing the girls, and slapping the shoulders, and patting the backs of the young

men with becoming deference; he lighted his pipe, and drawing up his chair, joined in the conversation of the ancient dames, who held one corner of the apartment to themselves, exclusively.

Now the spirit of fun and frolic pervaded the party generally, and the Alderman particularly, and with many "joviall trickes and funnie playes," (as is narrated,) did he amuse and divert both old and young.

Fingers light and airy flew over the quilt; and that article of minor importance was soon finished and quickly thrown on one side in order to comply with the mandate of the renowned Tonso Blink, the Fiddlissimo of Communipaw, "all a-hands stan up fur Virginnny reel."

Now we see two long rows of merry faces and light heels, eager for the preliminary scrape.

And now, while still in a state of expectancy, we see a majestic leg of the Alderman creating a diversion by curving and swinging up and down, to the right and left, as a succession of graceful postures suggested themselves to his imagination.

And now we hear the exclamation of the august Tonso (accompanied by the delightful twang) "fire away," and following up on his instrument with such spirit and velocity as did well put the nimbleness of the sturdy Dutchers to the test.

To prevent mistakes, and for fear of missing his turn when it did come, the Alderman made it a point (whether intentional or not we cannot say) to go every time he heard the voice of Tonso, and did not see any one start immediately. Exceeding sport did it occasion to the sprightly damsels and the merry swains to see the plump old fellow start out from his place without his partner, rattle down through the middle, twisting and turning, panting and blowing; his feet tapping the floor, and his hands patting the frontal part of his body in unison, laughing until he was almost out of breath; and then, when he had arrived at the bottom, on looking around and observing that he had made a mistake, to see him trot on the outside, and edge in opposite his partner—his face as demure and penitent as if he had been caught committing some enormous sin.

The fair Katrina, (his partner,) who is intimately connected with this narrative, it may be proper to state, had been introduced to him for the first time on that evening. She was apparently about twenty-five years of age, with bewitching black eyes—at least so thought the Alderman—and a sprightliness and vivacity rather unusual in the sedate and unwieldy Dutch maidens. By sundry little manœuvres, such as pinehing his cheek, patting his chin, and squeezing his fat face between her two hands—which last she did with such good-will that his

mouth was sometimes fairly out of sight—she obtained a strange ascendancy over the philosophy of the unsuspecting old man ; but when at last she stepped up and kissed him downright, and that before all the company, his rubicund countenance assumed a vermilion glow. So much did it discompose him, that he forthwith crossed his legs, thrust his hands in his vest pockets, and commenced a profound rumination ; he soon signified that he had come to an important conclusion by an ejection of wind from his thorax that might have startled the mummy of Julius Cæsar, with such an impetus was it sent forth ; and then, having jumped upon his feet, by several significant beckonings and sly winks he evinced to Katrina (which was all he knew, or even we knew of her name), that he had something of a private nature to communicate to her ; upon which she followed him to a retired corner of the room. He here told her what she knew before, viz: that he was a tolerably old man, an old man well to do in the world, and withall such a susceptible old man, that he had been violently smitten with her charms ; and moreover he told her what she had not thought of before, being to the effect that he would be vastly pleased to take her for his wife for and during his natural existence ; after which it was extremely probable that he would leave behind him sundry nick-nacks of a substantial character, which might in some manner serve as a memento of a loving and dutiful husband.

This sophistical address he delivered to his entire satisfaction, and thereby having divested himself of the most mighty load ever upon his mind, his countenance resumed in some measure its usual jolly expression ; and after three tremendous yawns and a succession of short breathings, he seated himself to await the answer of his new-made love, who had been busily engaged since his declaration in pencilling something upon a small piece of paper, which, after she had finished, she placed in his hand and walked away. The Alderman did not profess to be much of a scholar, although he had been to school when a boy three, and going on four quarters ; yet he had been a very inattentive pupil ; and as his calling since that time had not required much knowledge of that sort, he had not had much practice ; and therefore, knowing that he would find it somewhat laborious to decipher the contents, he deposited it in his waistcoat pocket, determined to commence it regularly the next morning, and after twice feeling if it was there, he established himself alongside of an old maiden lady, and in a few minutes the two were snoring in perfect harmony.

But this state of affairs, so little interesting to the reader, was not of long continuance ; for the usual time of breaking up soon arrived, and bonnets and shoes (for they all danced in

their stocking feet) were in active demand ; therefore the slumbers of the Alderman were soon disturbed. With much consideration, Pietrus Slachmet (his butcher) insisted upon loaning the Alderman his horse, fearful that he might fall asleep upon the road. To this arrangement the Alderman consented, though with much reluctance, knowing that it was a horse the character of which was very uncertain ; and, after much bustling of chairs, and straining and groaning, the magistrate was straddled upon his back ; upon which event it became evident that the poor animal was undecided whether to lay down under his burden, or to lay or endeavor to lay his burden down under him. His fiery spirit prevailed, and he forthwith commenced such a violent succession of *outré* postures, that it was oftentimes a matter of great uncertainty whether his fractious inclination to remove the Alderman was to be admired less than the extravagant manœuvres of the magistrate to remain upon his back, which were exhibited either to display his horsemanship before the anxious lookers-on, and secure his seat in Katrina's heart, or thereby to save himself from being obliged to tumble off precipitately, the which would undoubtedly seriously injure his head, if not absolutely break his neck.

But every thing must have its end ; and the weighty body of the Alderman, together with his extreme reluctance to being removed, eventually put an end to the capering spirit of the butcher's horse, and soothed him down to a gentle pace ; observing which, the Alderman turned his head towards home, and having cast a triumphant glance towards the interested observers, he fastened his arms securely around the neck of the quiescent animal, and having lain his head upon the same, he vented forth the meed of his victory in loud and deep-drawn puffs.

Gradually but irresistibly, while the jaded horse dragged his limbs towards his master's house, the eyelids of the weighty magistrate crept towards each other. His body became more pliant ; his convulsive gripe of the animal's neck settled away by degrees into a gentle clasp ; and the legs, which had been but a few minutes before so immoderately supple, oozed out slowly to their natural position, and swung in their wonted majesty at the side of the animal ; and soon the integral corporeity of that most worthy man slumbered *en masse* upon the body of the fractious horse of Pietrus the butcher.

The next morning, immediately after Mynheer Van Borsom became satisfied that he was awake, he rubbed his eyes ; after having done which, he put his nether limbs severally out of bed, and raising himself partly up, became lost in a reverie, the most prominent point of which was, whether it was yet time to get up. As he had not as yet been able to get his eyes open, the

conclusion would have been a mere speculative opinion had not a musquito landed upon his nose, which tickled the same extremely; and as Mynheer was no believer in the reasoning faculties of insects, he very naturally came to the conclusion that it must be daylight; for such a delicate and savory spot was not to be found through mere instinct, as it must have been had it been dark.

Acting, therefore, upon this sagacious conclusion, he proceeded to deposit himself in his garments, and thereupon set out for the barn-yard to milk the cows, as was his usual custom. Imagine his surprise when, upon entering the yard, he discovered the identical fractious horse which had conveyed Alderman Vaucks from his house the preceding evening, grazing near the barn; but judge of his consternation when, upon again rubbing his eyes, he espied the body of the Alderman himself lying near the fence. A cold tremor crept through his body; nevertheless he ventured to approach it. The spectacle confirmed his strange apprehension, for there, pallid and stiff, lay the body of Alderman Vaucks. The morning dew had settled upon his face, which glistened in the rising sun; a white viscid moisture covered his lips; and his eyes, which before beamed all vivacity and good humor, now with a cold stare met the astounded gaze of old Egbertus. But enough of this; it sufficeth us and shortens the story, to say that he was dead; and that, firmly clutched in his hand, was a scrap of paper.

The body of the Alderman was followed to its last place of repose by a numerous concourse of lamenting friends, who had admired him for his many virtues, and who sincerely deplored the sad bereavement.

The scrap of paper, fortunately for Katrina, never cleared away the doubt from the minds of his friends as to the cause of his death, who came to the conclusion that the fractious horse of Pietrus Slachmet had taken undue advantage of the somnolent propensity of the Alderman, and had, by violent means, eased himself of his burden. It will indubitably settle that of the reader, however—to whom it will be evident, from the circumstances of the case, that the horse had wandered from the correct road, being without a guide, and that the Alderman, having as usual awoke at the dawn of day, had dismounted for the purpose of deciphering the contents of the scrap of paper handed him by Katrina the preceding evening, the vile contents of which, as they may be translated into the words "what would my little husband say?" had without doubt caused this melancholy catastrophe.

This dismal tale should be a warning to all men—young, old, and of an obscure age—to beware the wiles of the deceitful sex.

THE ANALYST.

NO. VI.

ON DULL PEOPLE.

"There is a kind of heaviness and ignorance that hangs upon the minds of ordinary men, which is too thick for knowledge to break through. Their souls are not to be enlightened."—ADDISON.

"Nox atra cava circumvolat umbra."—VIRGIL.

It requires little knowledge of life or of human nature to be aware of the existence of dull people, heavy fellows or stupid geniuses, as they are variously entitled. They are too frequently to be met with for any one to plead an ignorance of their habits and characteristics. They spring up like useless weeds in every corner; and the first man who jostles you in a crowd or treads upon your corns, you may be pretty sure is one of this class. Their name is Legion.

I cannot define dulness more justly than by likening it to a sterile and barren soil; and as a barren tract may be of great extent, so the mind of a dull man may contain a vast store of other people's ideas: it is too unreasonable to expect any original ones from him. Or it may be compared to a 'nealing mist' overspreading the original brightness of his mind (supposing this ever to have existed), and clouding it from his own and from others' view. In the latter case we allow for the influence of certain studies and pursuits. Every thing of a grave nature is in danger of becoming dull by being pored over seriously and too long at a time. All kinds of writing, for instance, involving research and the collection of facts, are apt to destroy the taste for speculation bottomed on theory alone, and to dispel the fleeting clouds of fancy. A devotion to matter of fact annihilates the speculative powers, or renders them weak, flaccid, and inefficient. But he, who has dulness in his very nature, who has inhaled it with his first breath, and in whom it is closely mingled with his constitution, loses some of it by contact with books or men of the most opposite description. He will read witty authors, and be a fool in repartee; he will study metaphysics only to confuse his mind more than ever; and he will master the poets without gaining any accessions of imagina-

tion. The man of genius (to repeat a trite remark) profits greatly by his studies, which, insensibly to himself, and by a process to which he is not a party, mingle with his own ideas, and stock his brain with fresh conceptions. The dull man can never make foreign matter coalesce with his own rubbish, and is therefore no better than the retailer of other men's intellectual productions. The dull man thinks all other men dull. Whatever is, is dull. Whenever he falls in with a person of original mind or abilities, he is put out of his reckoning, and thinks him a stray and out-of-the-way-genius, and confesses he knows not what to make of him. By out of the way, he means out of his own track of borrowed thought and vulgar observation. He loves (as is natural) dull men, and hates those who are otherwise. To him nothing that is dull is unwelcome. He is the patron, as well as companion of those in the like situation. He pities those who enter life buoyant in spirit, and high in hope and expectation. In his youth he has probably attempted poetry, and failed in it as a matter of course. Ever after, he calumniates poetry, and all who "build the lofty rhyme." But a grave, stupid, studious young man, is his idol. Him he fosters with paternal care, dispenses to him the lessons of wisdom, not the fruit of experience or personal acquisition; and, as his admiring pupil gazes with awe upon his countenance, regards him with delight as a veritable inheritor of his own dulness. A fine young fellow, brim full of talent and enthusiasm, he will advise with a contemptuous sneer on his mouth and a condescending voice to repress his feelings; for that experience will prove to him the emptiness of human things (among others, of his cant and his pretensions); and that he will be obliged to sink into a mere earth-worm in his own despite. This is half the time said out of mere malice or jealousy.

The most singular thing connected with this sort of persons, is the perfect unconsciousness they exhibit of their mental condition. But we will cease to wonder when we consider that the same clog upon their perception of excellence in others operates upon the perceptions of their own state. They are in such intellectual darkness, that they cannot even see themselves. When we recollect this, we are furnished at once with a ready clue to many motives by which they are actuated, and to the cause of their woful mis-self-estimation. One of the sort I have been describing, prides himself upon his power of concentration, and with reason, for his head can contain but one idea at a time, on which he will repose for hours, perhaps days,—so that he cannot wander if he would. You must expect, therefore, that he is not over-merciful to light shuffling fellows, who have more of quicksilver than lead in their brains.

It is from this faculty of keeping the mind halt that persons of this cast of necessity turn to scholastic and grave studies as a last resource, to keep themselves in countenance. They can produce nothing of their own minds, so the next best thing is to acquire the fruits of other men's. They hence get to have a vast admiration for scholars, and the more stupid and gross their intellects, and the more frivolous and formal their studies, so much higher is their admiration, so much louder their praise. Thus they flatter themselves over other people's shoulders. They consider the possession of others' learning as much greater than the grand originals themselves. I have heard such a person assert roundly, and in a triumphant manner, that a man is not to be estimated by his natural powers, but by his artificial acquisitions; that genius is a mere gift, and that a man of genius is no more than an inspired fool. The commentators on Shakspeare are by this reasoning greater than Shakspeare himself, and Horace is not fit to hold a candle to one of his verbal expounders. It is all very plain that they want to come in under the head of scholar, in order to take their rank accordingly. This leads me to remark, that there are certain studies and pursuits on which men of coarse and slow intellects are sure to fix, suited to their capacity, and sufficiently solemn to warrant a sage appearance and deportment. The principal of these are mathematics, logic, controversy of all sorts, and verbal criticism. It is a maxim of Goldsmith, that to the first of these "the meanest intellects are equal;" and is not such the case? We find more at school and in college who succeed in this than in any other branch of learning, which is of sufficient of itself to determine the question, since the minds of the greater part of mankind being of a medium size, what most nearly fits them must be not only of comparatively easy attainment, but also, falling in with their notions of utility, must be very little more than a matter of practical skill, not of science and of philosophy. This applies in its full force to dull men, who take up mathematics as a matter of business, as something that must be conquered to get a reputation, and then all is over. The study is not pursued for purposes of pleasure or instruction, but solely for the name of the thing. In reference to these studies, I speak of them only as followed by the persons I am attempting to delineate, without any thought (except in one case) of determining their relative or intrinsic value. Logic is another department into which they will thrust themselves. Of all mental pursuits, this art requires the rarest union of talents—perfect clearness of conception, extreme delicacy in distinguishing and analyzing, faculties of combination and comparison, of definition and deduction, and

various other weapons from the intellectual armory, which few possess. It demands quickness and caution, rapid generalization, and the minutest analysis, great comprehension with great compression of intellect. In fine, it requires faculties inferior only to those of the poet. This is true only of the great masters of human reason, who most generally possess the fancy of the poet and the fire of the orator tempered by the sagacity and calmness of the philosopher. Such were Bacon and Burke; such are not the vast majority of logicians. To these, logic is attractive, because it deals in forms, definitions, common-places, distinctions, and terms laid down in the books, which require nothing but memory to master. This is artificial logic. They will contrive to bring an Enthymene into play on every occasion, and cannot answer a simple question but by the use of a syllogism. Original reasoning is left out of consideration. Logic is, in fine, fitted for them, because, since most reasonings on prominent topics are revived and re-discussed from age to age, they can merely turn to their volumes and common-place books, and dish up as fine a hash of arguments and reasons for or against any question as you could wish to see. Set them upon a new point of discussion or original inquiry, and they are obliged to yield. One who discusses a single new argument, or puts an old truth in a novel light by the independent exercise of his own powers, is worth a thousand of the students of Aristotle and his categories.

Another favorite recreation of dull men, is the exercise of their controversial talents; and, in truth, I never heard of any man who was too stupid to quarrel. Controversy heats their minds to something like enthusiasm, but it is of a bastard kind. They must be up and doing, and while about their work imagine they excite the attention of the whole world. They require a stimulus to get started. Like the two characters in "the Little French Lawyer," they are obliged to kick each other to keep warm. "Lay on, and cursed be he who first cries hold, enough." If you advise them gently to forbear their heat and rancor, which they call "withering sarcasm," they contemplate you with pity; and esteem you weak-spirited and lily-livered. They mistake the overflowings of bile for the powerful denunciation of eloquent invective.

The last study I shall consider is, that of verbal criticism; and here we have the very lowest of all literary pursuits. Men, and some of them possessed of enough acuteness to make themselves tolerable at the bar or in the pulpit, have spent their whole lives in compiling volumes on the Greek article and pointing the sentences of an ancient author. With ineffable conceit they will tell you, that but for words, the ideas existing

in the poet's fancy and the philosopher's understanding had been lost for ever, putting words on a par with ideas, of which they are but the lacqueys. The servant is not greater than his lord.

Besides eminence in all these, there is another province which the dull man aims at conquering, no less a territory than the fair province of wit and humor. Laughter hold both thy sides, Gravity discompose not thyself at this monstrous absurdity. Yes, it is even so : dullness, stone-blind, seeks to rival hawk-eyed wit, the owl to out-sing the melodious nightingale, the domestic fowl to outfly the majestic falcon. "Gentle dullness always loves a jest." There is certainly nothing more stupid than the pleasantries of a stupid fellow. His good things are Joe Miller's, or standards in his own circle. The attempts of a dull talker at light raillery are like the hypothetical movements of an elephant going through a contra-dance. The harshness of his voice is an antidote to laughter, and the slowness of his enunciation equal to the torture by fire. If you do not laugh at all their absurd attempts at ridicule, you are set down as one who cannot take a joke. I believe I have obtained this character with two or three grave wits of my acquaintance, by refusing to see any thing in their most strained witticisms.

This harmless desire to shine might easily be excused but for the egregious vanity with which it is accompanied, and which is almost always the inseparable attendant on dullness. It is discovered in a thousand little ways, by praising those who resemble them, or those whom they think they resemble ; by speaking in dispraise of certain talents and qualifications they do not possess, and eulogizing those they do. I have heard one of these reflect on an acquaintance for want of judgment and discrimination, while his own mind was wrapt in Egyptian darkness. They are presuming beyond endurance, as well as vain ; and to this mainly owe their success in life. For it may be observed, as a general rule, that your dull man gets on with much greater ease in the journey of life than your clever fellow. We naturally, in matters of importance, prefer a grave-looking personage to one whose face is wreathed in smiles ; and somehow suspect (often without reason) the steadiness of the latter, but place implicit reliance on the wisdom of the former. We know the one will adhere to established modes and settled forms, and that so far as regards the drudging part, he will not fail ; we also acknowledge to ourselves the superior quickness, brilliancy, and talent of the other ; but distrust his stability and capacity for business. So the dull man grows fat, and the clever man starves in a garret from the superfluity of his mental riches and the total absence of all others. Happy dulness,

that, being poor, is yet rich ; whose labors are of golden value, while the brain which directs them is cast in a mould of lead.

To depict the prominent traits of the Dull Man would require the finest pencil. Shakspeare has in the character of Dull, told his want of character. There are minute peculiarities, however, upon which, as a dramatist, he could not dwell. The pen of La Bruyere was better fitted for the task, but I do not remember of his having any where executed it.

Longurio the Dull Man, is a thorough pedant, for he is confined to one profession—has no comprehension beyond it, and rewards, with most contemptuous sneers, all who pretend to any liberality of taste and feeling. An eloquent man he calls a flashy declaimer ; a humorist he thinks a fool ; a brilliant metaphysician he considers unsound ; fancy he esteems a useless, and judgment a very admirable quality (as it surely is). He rejoices in the possession of plain common sense, and will quote Pope's line to confirm this good opinion of himself. He lays great stress on experience, and esteems a fool of fifty much wiser than a genius of twenty. He hates innovation, and professes a love for the good old ways. He cannot walk in a new path. Literature delights not him ; no ! nor philosophy either. He has no ear for melody, and yet reviles the most charming of the Muses. He regards method as the secret of business talent ; and surely he is a fool who will gainsay it. His conversation is full of wise saws and modern instances. He talks by rote, criticises by rote, and reasons by rote ; that is to say, if he talks at all, for he is for the most part tongue-tied. Or if he is silent, he makes a tolerable listener, not often a very intelligent one to be sure. At the close of a lively discussion we may say to him like Holofernes, viz. " Good-man Dull, thou hast spoken no word all this while." To which, if a candid man and a truth-teller and no very deep politician, he will be likely to answer, " Nor understood one either, sir." His external appearance can rarely be mistaken. Dullness hangs on his lids, sits astride of his nose, and puckers his mouth with conscious importance. The solid qualities of such an one prevail over the ridiculous. Like an ancient deity, involved in his dark cloud, he is invulnerable. The high cares of the world touch him not. He is unmoved by anxieties, undisturbed by hopes, uninflamed by passions. Dullness preserves its votaries in that stagnation of the soul which recks not of " the death of friends or of friendship," of honors or the wealth of riches ; fame is to them a mere breath, and glory but a word of five letters.

Dullness must not, however, be confounded with solid ability joined to a serious temper of mind. There is a mental, and there is a physical dullness or torpor. They may not exist to-

gether, though they usually do. Physicians tell us of the intimate connexion between the brain and the stomach—how a full diet may affect the poetic mind, and a thin one enlarge the dimensions of the understanding. A heavy look and manner may conceal a vigorous and active mind, a fancy “nimble, forgetive, and full of delectable shapes.” On the other hand, a prattling gossiping fellow, who appears “the soul of pleasure and the life of whim,” is stupid enough when his fictitious spirits desert him. Leave him to himself, he is a fashionable traveller wrecked on a desert island. It is only with others and in the midst of excitement he is endurable. He shines by reflection, and when the sun of others’ wit is set, is enveloped in black night.

The highest intellects have ever belonged to men of an earnest, grave, and majestic character, who have also manifested strong traits of individuality, and a generous expansion of sentiment. The magnificent genius of Milton was totally deficient in wit and humor, as we may easily see by his failures in the battle of the angels and the attacks on Salmasius. He had powers, however, far above those of the wittiest man, and could well afford to lack the lighter graces and weapons of ridicule and satire. A true poet frequently wants wit, since it is inconsistent with high imagination or deep feeling; Shakspeare and a few others affording the exceptions which confirm the general principle. A great statesman also, though certainly much below a great poet, possesses qualities of mind strong and varied, and may be allowed unfitted for quick repartee or delicate allusion. We should neither conclude a man’s dulness from his indolent habits of mind, since they themselves are the barriers to his advancement, and to the manifestation of his real ability. It is wisest, therefore, not to pronounce one dull till he has shown himself egregiously so; for the same reason that every person is entitled to be considered brave till he has proved himself a coward.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF JOANNA OF SICILY.

THE BATTLE.

"What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife?"

LARA:

THE continuance of the siege of Castel Novo had reduced Joanna and her suite to the extremity of suffering from famine; the wasting misery they witnessed and endured had brought even the sterner spirits of the garrison to a state of pitiable weakness, and compelled at length the Queen's ministers to fix on some project for immediate relief.

At the close of a day in August, Joanna's aged and faithful officer, Hugh Sanseverino, traversed the deserted streets of Naples on his way to the dwelling occupied by her enemy. The sad aspect of the hitherto glad city, whence the populace had fled in terror on the entrance of Charles, wrung the very heart of the old soldier. In the squares, once enlivened by busy and merry crowds—by minstrelsy and the dance—could now only be seen groups of rough soldiers, gorging themselves with meat and wine, or stretched lazily on the pavements, sleeping in the sunshine. Most of the palaces were closed; and the humbler abodes of the citizens, plundered of every thing worth seizing as booty, afforded a temporary shelter to the rude troops who had dismantled them. Sanseverino stayed not, however, to contemplate the desolation around him, but hurried on to St. Elmo; and stopping with his attendants in the court, dispatched a page to demand audience of the Duke of Durazzo. A favorable answer was speedily returned; and the Count ascending the marble staircase, found himself in the presence of him who held the Queen's fate in his hands.

Charles of Durazzo was sitting by a table covered with a scarlet cloth, on which lay papers and rude charts, a sword with golden hilt and sheath of crimson velvet, a shoulder belt and a helmet surmounted with plumes. There lay also, on an embroidered cushion, a crown of gold sparkling with jewels. On one side of the apartment hung a huge shield of silvered brass, on which were wrought the arms of the royal house of Anjou, blended with those of the Dukes of Durazzo. Charles rose at the entrance of the Queen's minister, and motioned him

graciously to a seat; Sanseverino, however, declined the honor, and stood while he briefly unfolded his mission, which was to treat, if possible, for some accommodation or truce. A dark smile played on the Duke's face as he listened to the propositions, whose very proffer revealed the strait to which he had reduced his benefactress; but he forebore to interrupt the message, nor spoke till its conclusion.

"An earlier proposal," he said coldly, at length, "might have enabled us to grant the request of your mistress. As the matter stands, I may not betray the trust of others, nor violate my own promises. A single day's respite is all I can grant."

An expression of intense pain passed across the countenance of the old warrior—but he was silent.

"If Joanna of Provence," resumed the Duke, "have proposals of submission to convey, we are ready to receive them."

"The Queen of Naples," returned Sanseverino gravely, apparently without heeding the last observation, "has then to request of your highness a safe-conduct for her messenger to the camp of Prince Otho."

"We will grant it willingly," answered Charles; and the proto-notary, with an obeisance, was about to retire. "Stay," continued he in an altered tone; and the measured and haughty coldness of manner he had previously assumed, changed into a bearing of more cordiality and frankness. He took the Count's hand, and led him to a seat; then, after a pause, again addressed him:—

"There needs not this seemly brevity, Count, between us; let us understand each other. I am willing to remember that you are of my kindred, and that we were once friends."

The proto-notary bent his head proudly, but answered not, for his swelling indignation denied him words. Charles went on; "I would learn first of you—and not, believe me, as an enemy I ask—how my royal aunt sustains the misfortunes that have fallen to her lot."*

"Like a queen!" was the brief and only reply.

"We know of old," said the Duke, "her firmness and her magnanimity. Pity—in good sooth—that qualities so noble should but enhance the evil influence of her faults; those faults whose punishment Heaven hath committed to my hand."

The eyes of Sanseverino flashed fire as he answered, "To no noble of this realm, however elevated by fortune and the grace of our sovereign, doth belong the right to sit in judgment on her!"

"You forget, Sir Count," observed Charles, haughtily, and

* See Battaglia's *Giovanna Prima*.

touching the crown that lay before him ; "The hand of *her* sovereign and mine placed this circlet on my brow, and anointed my temples for this office. The Monarch of Naples may judge Joanna of Provence."

"And God shall judge *thee*, Charles of Durazzo !" cried the Count, starting to his feet, emotion and just anger overpowering his prudence ; "God shall judge thee, foul traitor—who, armed with the weapon of the stranger and with the arts of the powers of ill—hast dared to set thy bloody footstep on the soil of thy country, and hurl calamity against the kingly head of her to whom heaven gave its throne !"

"I pardon even thy contumely," said Durazzo, scornfully ; "for heaven hath already decided betwixt us. Naples has submitted to her rightful sovereign ; for you—you must yield to destiny."

"Evil shall it be," interrupted Sanseverino ; "with him who shuts his ears against reproof, and mocks at the justice of the omniscient ! God hath willed, perchance, that the measure of crime for the rebel and usurper should be filled to overflowing—that his wrath might be poured out more fiercely to smite him in the day of his pride ! Yet, not without a struggle will the prey be delivered into thy hands. Thy last victory, Duke of Durazzo, must cost more blood than hath yet been shed, and from the purple tide shall spring future woes—woes innumerable—for this distracted kingdom. The axe," he continued, with voice faltering with emotion, "the axe shall fall upon the loyal and her innocent ; but the usurped crown will burn like fire ! Misery may be the portion of Naples—(who shall gainsay the judgment ?) but misery shall also surely overtake the traitor—baffled by his own spells—cursing his victories—in his turn the prey of treason —."

A quick wild cry from the lower end of the apartment checked the words on the lips of the aged noble ; he remained silent—not untouched with superstitious fear, for he had observed no living being in the apartment besides Charles and himself—the very pages having withdrawn. A female figure, arrayed in deep mourning, now hastily traversed the chamber, and flung herself at the feet of Durazzo. Charles glanced alternately at the kneeling form of his wife, and the excited countenance of Sanseverino ; his brow was dark and lowering, and the fiercest passions seemed to have taken possession of his breast.

"Oh listen to him !" cried Margaret with trembling voice, and wetting her lord's hand with her tears. "I implore thee, by the love of our youth, by a father's love—grant the time they ask ! Be not, oh my husband ! the executioner of her

who loved thee as a mother ! listen to the voice of the heart ! The Queen is in extremity, she craves forbearance ! grant it, I adjure thee, as thou shalt ask mercy of heaven !”

“ Away, woman !” said Charles, gloomily ; and, rudely shaking off her grasp, he strode rapidly through the apartment. After a long pause, in which he seemed endeavoring to obtain perfect self-command, he addressed the protonotary :—

“ Once more I ask, on what terms will Joanna of Provence submit her to our clemency ?”

“ The Queen makes no proposals of such a nature,” replied the Count ; “ yet this much will I say—if you truly incline to reconciliation, great offences will Joanna pardon for the good of her people. If there be no access to a worthy peace, Prince Otho is ready to resort to arms ; and an open encounter between his few but faithful soldiers and your hired myriads, Duke, may have issue that you dream not of. The angered barons disdained to embrace the queen’s quarrel, because she asked aid of France. How will the people of Naples brook the fierce hordes which at your bidding, like birds of prey, are ready to stoop upon them—the Hungarian savages—the forces of the impious Urban—eager to tear in pieces this devoted realm—into whose bowels his rapacious hand is already plunged ! Duke of Durazzo ! choose between your new tyrants and your gracious kinswoman and queen.”

Charles had flung himself upon his seat, while Margaret watched him with eager and imploring looks. His head rested on his hand ; but his eyes were rivetted—fatal omen !—on the crown that lay before him. When the Count ceased, he replied to him with the same chill formality of tone and manner he had assumed on his first entrance.

“ We know full well the courage of your mistress ; if her wisdom be equal, she may yet sit securely upon the throne of her fathers. We will send messengers this night to treat with her. But we have said, no truce can be granted beyond to-morrow.”

Sanseverino smiled bitterly ; but before he could answer, the door opened, and the Duke of Andria and Leobold d’ Isemia entered the apartment, from which Margaret had disappeared by another entrance. Leobold led the Duke apart, and delivered into his hands a packet from Rome, a moment since received from the hand of Gentilis di Sangro. Charles opened and glanced hastily at the document ; but all his art of disguising his feelings could not suppress signs of the dissatisfaction it created. When he had finished, masking his displeasure beneath a smile of apparent cordiality, he turned to the new comers, who seemed to expect some communication of the contents of the missive.

"It is the Holy Father's own hand," he said ; " he sends us his blessing, and counsels us to put an end to the war by an assault upon the camp of Brunswick, while we pursue with the utmost rigor the measures he enjoined against the prisoner of Castle Nuovo. The instructions of his Holiness are more fully detailed to his captain-general, whom the saints aid !"—and the Duke muttered, in a tone inaudible save to Isemia, who stood nearest him—"The father forgets not a word respecting the investiture of his well-beloved nephews with the principalities of Capua and Nola."

The first part of this communication was evidently designed for the ears of Sanseverino, on whom, however, it produced no visible effect. Charles observed him narrowly before he spoke again.

"What ho ! command me hither, pursuivant and king-at-arms, to conduct this worthy count to the camp of Brunswick. You perceive, fair sir, what we are bound to do." And a sergeant entering at that moment, he gave him the necessary orders ; while the ambassador, without reply, bowed and retired. After a few private directions to his officers, Charles was once more left alone to meditate on what he had just done in shutting forever the only door of reconciliation between himself and the queen.

The evening was considerably advanced when Sanseverino, preceded by the heralds granted him by Durazzo, approached the camp of the Prince of Brunswick. The camp was pitched by the road of Piedegrotta ; and among the numerous tents that occupied the broad plain, now profoundly silent like a deserted city, save that the call of the sentinels was heard from time to time, the Count passed to the pavilion of the leader. This was distinguished from the rest by its height, and by the banner planted before it, whose folds floated heavily in the night breeze.

Otho received his friend in the inner division of his tent, where was assembled a council of his chiefs, to deliberate on some active measure which might revive the fast-sinking spirits of the army, wearied out with their long-continued state of inaction. The arrival of Sanseverino, who painted the sufferings of the queen's garrison in Castel Nuovo, and brought her request that a final effort might be made for her release, together with the intelligence of the message from Rome which Charles had made public in his presence, at once determined them. They resolved without one dissenting voice, to proceed, on the morrow to attack the barriers erected by Durazzo, and encounter him in a pitched battle.

"It is a stately tourney to which we march," said Prince

Otho, a smile on his face as serene as if he indeed prepared for some such courtly exhibition of prowess. "We shall fight one against ten; but our swords are keen and our hearts are bold! If we leave our bodies on the field, we will take heed at the least that no vultures devour our flesh, by heaping goodly funeral piles of the carcasses of our foes."

Loud acclamations responded to the announcement of the brave prince, who, without wavering, thus sternly resolved, though his slender force consisted of little more than a few hundred German lances, four companies of infantry indifferently furnished, and troops of undisciplined Neapolitans, the vassals of the few barons he commanded. Notwithstanding this inferiority of force, the news that a battle was at hand was most welcome to the army. Soon as it was circulated through the camp, the eager bustle of preparation for the toil of the morrow was heard, and the business-like tumult that succeeded to former desolation and silence, the mirth and cheerful songs of the men, the glancing of torches, and the clang of armor throughout the plain, showed that the desperate nature of the enterprise proposed, had deprived the soldier of no portion of his national vivacity.

Otho meanwhile calmly gave directions to his esquire to prepare his best Milanese armor, and to array his most powerful destrier for service at dawn. The minute orders he gave from time to time to his officials on less important matters, served to occupy his mind to the exclusion of gloomy thoughts, which, spite of his courage, checked in some measure the buoyant energy that had so long sustained him above misfortune. Leaving his pavilion accompanied by Sanseverino, they visited the whole encampment. The sight of the warlike preparations in every quarter, and the exhilaration of the soldiers, with the freshness of the summer night, and the cloudless heavens studied with stars, contributed in no slight degree to arouse the cheerful spirits of the two cavaliers. Having completed this task and returned to the tent, after the frugal supper the soldiers retired to seek a few hours of repose.

With the flourish of trumpets at early dawn Otho left his couch, donned his armor with the aid of his esquires, and tying over his mail a scarf sent him by the Queen, went forth. His destrier fully equipped for battle, stood at the entrance of the tent; the noble beast seemed already animated with the ardor of the conflict, as he stood pawing the ground impatiently, restrained with difficulty by two grooms. Ere he put foot in the stirrup, the Prince kneeled devoutly down, with bared head, and offered up a silent prayer; then placing his helmet on his head, its crest shadowed by sable plumes, he sprang into the

saddle, giving a signal to his captains, who, at the same instant, were mounted and at their post. In the midst of the little band of German and Neapolitan knights—distinguished by the simplicity of his array, and the majesty of his bearing, added to the effect of the long white locks escaping from under his steel head-piece—was seen the aged Count Sanseverino, who, though counselled by Otho to return to Castel Nuovo, persisted in his determination to accompany him to battle. Near him was the youthful Baldassero of Brunswick, who went forth to the fight as to the banquet.

The command given to march, the first escadrons of the army of Brunswick, advancing on the road beyond Eschia—a small hamlet that gave name to the battle fought near it—threw themselves suddenly upon the barriers of the enemy, about half a bow-shot from the city walls. The news of the attempt flew like lightning from the outposts through the town. Durazzo, already prepared, and issuing orders to his officials, was soon in arms with his whole force, and advanced to the encounter.

The troops that went forth from before Castel St. Elmo marched in file by the chapel Degli Angioli, near which the Cardinal Gentilis di Sangro had taken up his quarters. The legate stood on a balcony that overlooked the street, attired in the sacred robes as the Pope's representative, solemnly bestowing his benediction on the soldiers who passed slowly beneath with uncovered heads, and banners and weapons reverentially lowered. Yet not in the hearts of many of those rude warriors was the appeal made to Heaven, so solemnly signified in their exterior aspect of humility. "Madre del Cielo!" muttered Paschi, the Pugliese retainer of Andria, who led his master's forces at the head of eight sergeants, following a body of archers in the van, as they passed under the balcony.

"Madre del Cielo! a few score of the golden florins of yonder primate would better aid us, methinks, in the fray, than all his benedictions and signings of the cross!"

The sun was already an hour high, when both armies being in order of battle, the command for advance was given on either side.

The ground on which they met was unequal; now rocky or broken into hillocks—now covered with narrow patches of copse—now stretching in short expanses of smooth green turf. In picturesque array were seen the dense bodies of infantry or of horse—before, in full career and with loud cries, they rushed against each other. Two companies of German lances were despatched by Otho to gain an eminence that commanded the gate of Santa Chiara. Having reached the summit of the hill,

they descended toward the place selected for assault so impetuously that the whole body was thrown into disorder. Two picked companies of foot armed with long pikes and firm in their ranks as a wall of steel, stood ready to receive their shock and defend the post; and a furious conflict ensued, in which the ground was strewn with the bodies of the slain and wounded.

The Duke of Durazzo, distinguished by his rich armor, mounted on a fiery Andalusian charger that spurned the rein, pawing the earth and neighing cheerily—was on the field at no great distance, observing keenly the first movements of the fray, and glancing now on one side, now on the other, with eager and impatient gestures, as if with difficulty controlling the burning impulse he felt to throw himself into the thickest of the strife. Several of his barons stood round him, half hidden in the clouds of dust, through the midst of which their dazzling armor and weapons flashed in the sunbeams. The Count Barbiano, posted a little in advance and flanked by his chosen troops, was observing the first onset from a slight elevation, and giving orders momentarily to his officers. Beside him were the brothers Prignani, leaders of the Papal forces; and not far off, Orsino and the Duke of Andria.

On the other side, Prince Otho, with his most distinguished knights, rode from troop to troop, encouraging his men by cheerful gestures and language; slowly advancing his position, and approaching Santa Chiara before Barbiano could put in practice his plan for intercepting him, he hastened to take part in the conflict there raging. He was too eagerly bent on accomplishing his object at this instant to observe the movements of the Roman captain. But Sanseverino, who rode near him, perceived through the dust and confusion the forces of Durazzo slowly spreading themselves to enclose the field, and hurried to give Brunswick warning. In fact, as the Duke's whole force was gathered upon the esplanade without the city, the scheme of Barbiano promised brilliant success, his orders were communicated from rank to rank with the speed of thought; and presently the troops were extending themselves to the right and to the left, encircling with a bright wall of pikes and espaldrons the soldiers of Brunswick, appallingly inferior in number. It was conjectured that the strength of so small a force would yield to repeated attacks; but the foe had not calculated on the intrepid daring of their leader. When Barbiano saw his commands were understood and in process of execution, joined by Durazzo and others, he spurred over the plain at the head of a large body of cavalry to fall upon the two companies of lancers afore-mentioned, whom Otho had rallied and was urging

onward. Now commenced the action in earnest; the tramp of horse, the clash of weapons, the pealing of trumpets, and the shouts of the soldiers, were almost deafening; and the sun's rays glancing on the hundreds of cavaliers sheathed in steel from head to foot, and dashing onward with furious speed, their plumes and pennons streaming backward in the breeze, gave them the appearance of mighty crested billows hurled by the tempest against the dark and sullen rock.

An instant before the rival hosts met, above the mingling cries that convulsed the air, and the din of combat, sounded the shout—"Death to Brunswick!" fierce as if raised by a horde of demons, from a hill near, which from the beginning of the strife had been garnished by a few lances and archers, partly hidden by a range of coppice, partly by the ruins of an old convent. As the cry reached the ears of Otho, and he turned to meet the sweeping torrent, he caught a glimpse of the banner of Durazzo, carried by a standard-bearer at the side of the chief. His eyes flashed; a sudden flush rose to his brow; a new fire seemed kindled in his bosom. Hastily lowering his visor again, he dashed the spur into the flanks of his horse, and with a shout of execration and defiance rushed furiously out from his own line against Charles; challenging him to single combat on the spot. The Duke, infuriated by his reproaches, met him with equal ardor; their encounter was instantaneous; the companions of either chief checked their horses in mid career, and gazed on the fray, hesitating to interfere, though not without showing signs of apprehension for the issue. The struggle was more brief in duration than many who weighed the personal advantages of the two combatants—the stately case and powerful proportions of Brunswick, or the muscular activity and oft-tried skill of Durazzo—might have anticipated. In the first shock, Otho's helmet, which had been but imperfectly fastened when he resumed it after his brief appeal to the protection of the saints—was loosened—fell, and rolled in the dust. But in vain Durazzo endeavored to take advantage of the accident, and smite his enemy on his uncovered head; the brave Prince not only defended himself gallantly with his three-cornered shield from the well-aimed thrusts, but, throwing away his shivered lance and drawing his sword, dashed against Charles with such force as well nigh to hurl him from the saddle. The Duke lost his stirrup, ill-defending himself against Otho's pressing assault, and striving meanwhile to return his blows. His horse staggered, wounded in the flank; a moment would have decided the victory; the fate of both armies hung on a single blow. Some sergeants and soldiers of the party of Brunswick, engaged in a deadly

scuffle with those of Durazzo, shouted with joy at sight of the advantage gained by their master ; others advancing, the *melee* speedily became general. Orsino, seeing the imminent peril of Durazzo, hastened to his assistance. The princely combatants, meanwhile, as if conscious of the magnitude of the stake, fought with unabated ferocity. The Duke's horse, now spent with fatigue and loss of blood, sank under him ; and Otho hovered over his prostrate enemy. A bitter laugh of scorn escaped him ; he rose in the stirrups, and drew backward to give intenser force to the final blow, when an arrow, whence sped none could tell—till a fierce shout of exultation, sounding shrilly from the midst of clamarous thousands, uttered by the ruffian Paschi, announced it was his work—pierced the gorget of the unfortunate Prince. Otho reeled in his *selle* ; his arm dropped heavily ; and the friends of Charles had time to rush forward and disengage their master from the fallen steed. The fortune of the day was changed ; Durazzo sprang on a fresh horse, and with furious imprecations on the head of his adversary for his former mischance, again sought Brunswick, who, in the centre of a troop of enemies, still struggled—but no longer in the hope of victory. Sustained by a few, a very few of his bravest champions, and desperately wounded, his defence was yet long and obstinate. Many fell at his side, self-sacrificed, vainly to preserve the life and liberty so precious to the Queen's safety. In vain D'Artois and Baldassero implored him to seek an opportunity of escape ; he disdained flight—and only besought them to bear to the Queen the intelligence that he had perished in her defence. The Count Ariano, at length, who fought at his side, received a blow destined for his leader that stretched him bleeding at his feet. The sight of his expiring friend unnerved the Prince ; pale as death, he staggered backward, grasping his blade, however, in both hands ; the Hungarian soldiers rushed upon him, but they were ordered back by Barbiano, who commanded his sergeants to disarm his now senseless enemy.

It were too long a task for our pen to recount the various deeds of prowess achieved on that field. In the general engagement that ensued, the soldiers of Charles found it easy to overpower the newly-raised levies of Otho—their leader a prisoner. The victory was quickly decided. The gate of Santa Chiara, a few moments before in possession of the Germans, was recovered by Durazzo ; the news of Otho's capture struck his ill-fated adherents with dismay, and, convinced of the impossibility of continuing the contest with any chance of success, the remnant either surrendered themselves at discretion or fled in every direction. A number, among whom were

Jacomo Zurlo and the young Count Baldassero, dismounted, and climbed the craggy sides of the mountain towards Castle St. Elmo ; while the rabble and common soldiers were employed for hours in catching the horses abandoned by their owners. Robert D'Artois and Sanseverino escaped after the fall of the Prince.

Change we the scene to a hall in Castel Nuovo, where the Lady Clemence di Collenneci sate, on the evening of the day of battle. The spacious apartment was divided by two lofty arches ; a number of paintings from the pencils of Cimabue and Giotto, the restorers of art in Italy, relieved the vastness of the walls. The maiden sate by the casement looking out upon the sea ; faithless, indeed, and unpitying the waters seemed ; for on them, "with straining eyes, from the first dawn of day till the last ray of the sun sank beneath them," had the unhappy captives long looked for the expected galleys from Provence, their last hope and only means of escape.

Presently the door of an adjoining gallery opened, and the Queen, now more than ever an object of solicitude to her attendants, entered the hall.

Although the news of the defeat of Eschia had some hours before reached the beleaguered castle, Sanseverino and his companions had not returned ; and all were agreed to conceal the disastrous intelligence as long as possible from the unfortunate sovereign. She was thus ignorant of the full extent of her misfortunes, yet a sad presentiment had taken possession of her heart ; a boding of calamity, cherished by the dismay she read in the looks of all around her. The sight of their anguish, of which she felt herself the cause, subdued her masculine firmness. A solitary instance may show the nature of the scenes she was almost hourly witnessing.

* Of the multitude who in the first alarm occasioned by the hostile entrance of Durazzo into Naples, had sought and obtained shelter in Castel Nuovo, many had already perished. One wretched woman had that day beheld her only son expire of hunger. Tortured by the grief which gnaws more deeply than hunger, her reason had given way ; her shrieks and lamentations were heart-breaking, and appalled even the soldiers who heard her. The queen's attention was arrested as she passed through one of the galleries by the sight of the poor maniac ; she was holding her dead child—loading him with caresses—straining him to her throbbing bosom, and repeating words of endearment in the most moving tones of tenderness. Then laying her cold burthen on the ground, she would softly close

the eyelids, and arrange the clustering curls, press her hand on the chill forehead—and shaking her head mournfully, seem to resign herself to the conviction of her loss. The calm was of short duration; starting up at the sight of the queen—she rushed after her, accusing her, with loud and frantic execrations, as the cause of all her sufferings. She was forced back by the attendants; Joanna commanded assistance to be rendered her; and merely observed to Agnes, her niece, in a tone not unmingled with bitterness:—

“It is time, in sooth, to lay down the sovereignty whose fruits are such as these!”

A brief and troubled slumber had not restored her composure; it was with unsteady step and fevered brow that she entered the hall, attended by the faithful princess of Verona and her train of damsels. A long silence ensued; at length, turning to the Duchess, who was standing at her side, Joanna prayed her to withdraw, and seek some repose after her night and day of vigil.

She was interrupted by the sound of the castle bell for vespers. Before she obeyed the request, the Duchess implored her mistress to partake some food, which for many weary hours had not passed her lips. She answered only with tears. Her dames strove with one accord to lead her thoughts from the contemplation of her misfortunes; and she gradually became composed, and relapsed into silence. They were deceived by the outward semblance of tranquillity. Clemence seized the favorable opportunity, and taking from one of the damsels a small silver plate containing bread, and a cup of wine, placed them on a salver and offered it to the Queen, praying her, jointly with Agnes and the Lady of Durazzo, to take it if but for love of them.

Joanna smiled sadly as she took the bread, and commanded her companions in misfortune to draw near and partake her meal. There was an embarrassing silence; and the conviction at length flashed upon her, that the sole remaining morsel of provision the castle afforded was before her. The terrible knowledge of their utter destitution had been in mercy concealed from her!

The Queen arose, and without uttering a word, while all stood alarmed at her strange demeanor—began to break into small pieces the bread that had been offered for her own use. Then going round the hall, where the dames and female attendants were ranged in mournful silence, she distributed it among them, giving a morsel to each; her deadly paleness and the quivering of her lips alone marking her agitation. Then seating herself—“It was necessary to endure even this,” she said; but all will end here, believe me, all will end here!

Give not way to despair, to-morrow ye shall be free ! I promise it you all !”

Her voice sounded hoarse and wild ; her affrighted ladies looked doubtfully on each other, as if mutually fearing to communicate the discovery of the frenzy of their mistress.

“ Where is our protonotary, and the Count D’Artois ?” continued Joanna, becoming more and more excited. “ They bring us news of victory, for God suffereth not the unjust to prosper. The bow of the wicked is broken upon the field ; his armies have fled ! Their tents are overthrown, for the land hath cast them out ; they cannot abide before his displeasure !” Her features were animated like one who struggles with some feverish phantasy ; a wild ecstatic fire was in her eyes. Suddenly the blast of a trumpet was heard, and the tramp of horses over the drawbridge. “ They come !” she exclaimed ; “ it is a note of triumph ! It is Otho, my Husband. He has fought and conquered ! He has entered Naples regally, the crown is on his head ; the people follow him—they shout welcome—and kiss his blood-stained glove ! There is a clamor—do you not hear it ?—of ‘ Death to the Traitor !’ but he shall be spared—he shall be spared ! God hath dealt vengeance on him—it is enough !” And with a wild and prolonged cry, just as Baldassero and D’Artois entered the hall, the Queen fell back senseless into the arms of her attendants.

“ I AM NOT OLD.”

I AM not old—though years have cast
 Their shadows on my way ;
 I am not old—though Youth has passed
 On rapid wings away.
 For, in my heart a fountain flows,
 And round it pleasant thoughts repose ;
 And sympathies and feelings high,
 Spring like the stars on Evening’s sky.

I am not old—Time may have set
 His signet on my brow,
 And some faint furrows there have met,
 Which Care may deepen now.
 Yet Love, fond Love, a chaplet weaves,
 Of fresh, young buds and verdant leaves ;
 And still in fancy I can twine
 Thoughts, sweet as flowers, that once were mine.

P. B.

THE CRAZY MAN.

"Young friend, methinks you're crazed."

"'Tis true, old man, I am; but in such sort
There's nothing dreadful in't. My thoughts, like hounds
From darksome kennel loosed, start wildly forth,
And madly gambol in the open fields.
But I can whip them in again at will."

I'm crazy. I begin to think so myself. I don't mind what "every body says," not having faith in every body's infallibility: but t'other day my most intimate friend said—but (but again) I may as well tell the whole story. Day was turning into night: light was kissing darkness: 'twas twilight. My friend was sitting opposite to me. I was in a brown study, and my friend was studying me. "What *are* you thinking of?" said my friend. "Thinking about miracles. It is strange that men attempt to explain the Bible miracles, while there are others yet unexplained with which they may more safely meddle. I was thinking of the Zerah Colburn miracle." My friend had never heard of Zerah Colburn. I told the story, and added: "Now I believe, that by and by some one will discover Zerah's arithmetical rule; for some rule he had: else the solving of each problem had been a distinct miracle. Zerah, who was a simpleton, and also somewhat foolish, couldn't explain the matter. I believe his fingers and toes were of use to him in this business. A man has ten fingers and ten toes: on each hand five, on each foot five, and of his fingers two are named thumbs, standing apart from the others. Here then are two units, quadruple five, and double tens. The law of arithmetic is" — my friend seemed astonished, and I paused. "Do you think," I resumed, "that our fingers and toes were given us only to" —. My friend broke in abruptly: "I do wish you had some regular business, some every-day work; you're growing crazy."

O how I laughed! my head protruded; the surface machinery of my mind (say my face) working in fearful wise. My friend turned pale, then red, and I laughed the more: hysterically; tears streaming down my cheeks. I did stop at last: *how*, I know not. If I had never stopped!—so I'm crazy. Speaking of that wonderful simpleton, Zerah Colburn, reminds me of another wonderful simpleton, Napoleon Bonaparte. Na-

poleon didn't think in words: he thought in pictures (as do all men of rapid action more or less,) and so—there, that's gone. I've lost it. What a pity 'tis gone: otherwise I might explain Napoleon so that every ninny could understand him as well as I. "From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a single step." True, little Corsican; but what a step, and where! over the top of a precipice. Quite sublime it is to stand aloft there, out-looking on a world: a world looking up in admiration. Very ridiculous it is to take that single step, and fall sprawling at the world's feet, greeted by the world's loud laughter. Isn't laughter a good thing? Not that giggling of the silly; nor that drawing-room simper of the studiously genteel; nor yet the laughter that hides a rotten heart; nor yet again the laughter of the wholly fat man, whose laughter is a physical necessity, coming from his stomach, and answering the end of exercise without its trouble: not like these is the laughter I love, but that laughter of the heart peeping through the brightening eye—so still, so gladsome. Sometimes, indeed, this laughter of the inner man breaks out into open rebellion; and then, how the merry soul within shakes the walls of its prison-house, and—so forth.

I don't like the world. The world's an old woman, lethargic, nodding over her knitting-work: loquacious, always babbling about their babies, and her playthings. Public opinion, too, I hate that. 'Tis a kidnapper, that same public opinion, wherever at work or howsoever: stealing all truth's children, and putting swaddling clothes upon them at first and chains at last. A monster having many heads it is, and in each head eyes glaring on one so incessantly. Wo to him whose vices are his own: each mouth bellows out its anathema against him. Wo to him, too, whose virtues are his own: the ghastly eyes glare on him so coldly. How many men, mainly honest, has this monster strangled and crushed into the graves of earth. How many more has it frowned into submission, and made them its pets, and so petty things, decked out in the tinsel of life's stage; to be forgotten when life's curtain drops. On the whole, though I *do* like the old woman nodding, loquacious though she be. Hasn't she garnered up the wisdom of ages, and stereotyped many a proverb for our use? O these proverbs, what could we do without them? They are the whole stock in trade of many men of the literary craft. "A stitch in time saves nine;" what a fuss has been made about this truth, which under some form has been drifting about since the beginning of time. So many sermons have been based on it—let us see. This present earth is, as some reckon, about six thousand years old; and the average number of talking

men, (O the women too!) through that space, taking into view the sparse population of Adam's time and Noah's, is about — 'tis too mighty for me—think of the sands of the sea-shore, Reader: or even the gabbling thou thyself hast heard about this matter of the "stitch in time." The one *good* sermon about it is this: "the thrifty housewife darning the very little hole in Johnny's stocking." "Experience is the best school-master." How this thing seems to growl at the other when the two are first brought together. How can we know that the stitch in time will save *us* nine until we have neglected the one stitch, and so had experience of the nine? After this, however, the two seem to jog along very well together. Youthful reader, take this truth from one who has burnt his fingers, and so learnt that fire is hot. Would you be any thing more than a piece of frame-work, covered with second-hand clothing, front the bull dog, Experience, at once; and get a proper fitting coat (of experimental wisdom): say an asbestos garment. Ah little babe, sprawling so, squatting so, what lessons thou gettest. Beautiful to thy young eyes is that lamp flame; so clear, so mild, so bright: thou hast clutched it! Heaven save the *mark*, little experimenter: that knowledge is burnt into thee, and never wilt thou clutch *that* flame again. Reader, cast off hypocrisy: it is the devil. Beware of cant: it is the devil's worst speech. Worship the good, wherever seen, in whomsoever found. Be honest, wholly honest, and so be a man; open-hearted, giving thyself out to thy fellow-men, taking thy fellow-men in. But a word of caution is here needful: don't rush into recklessness: *that* is not honesty. The reckless man is mounted on the devil's wildest courser, bound on a sort of Mazeppa journey, which rarely has a Mazeppa end. Can you, bent on honesty, be so foolish as to become reckless?

There is in the moral world a frozen zone (of hypocrisy), a temperate zone (of honesty), and a torrid zone (of recklessness). Beneath the burning sun of passion, amid the wildest thunderstorms of recklessness, dwell who may: not me. Nor yet in the frozen regions of hypocrisy, where the moral being dwindles to dwarfish stature, feeding on such food (train oil and blubber). The temperate zone of honesty for us: between the other two it is, so that a man dwelling in it can see into both. Indeed, this temperate zone in the moral world seems partly made up of the other zones; its summer being like the one, and its winter like the other. Spring time and Autumn are all its own. So a sermon—such a sermon, too! but what did you expect, reader? (are you good?) What did you look for (I ask again) from a crazy man? Am I crazy? There's a question

for logicians. Lee, the madman, said to a friend who visited him in bedlam, "there was a difference of opinion; all the world said I was crazy, and I said all the world was crazy. So the matter stood: but the world, having the majority, outvoted me, and put me into this place." Much as the world has been abused by world censors, the world is in a fair way to do well. Some people (very sane, being sleepy,) weep through half-closed eyelids over the decay of time-honored things. A very sane man (so called) is in truth a kind of somnambulist, walking in the "deep slumber of a decided opinion." He goes about with eyes wide open, winking at nothing, and seeing nothing: believing, however, that he walks in the world's high noon of perfection. If some mad-cap fellow slap him on the back, and cry out: 'hillo, friend, 'tis not daylight yet:' what a time there is! a cold sweat, and often sudden death.

I wish I could get hold of something solid: but my brains are in such a state, how can I? If the top of my skull were taken off, the dish might look like the laird of Milnwood's immense charger of broth, "in which ocean of liquid were indistinctly discovered, by close observers, two or three short ribs of lean mutton sailing to and fro." How goes the battle between the old regular doctor Mental Philosophy, and the quack Phrenology? In old times man was held to be man, having a heart; but Mental Philosophy got to work, and made him almost, if not altogether, intellect; the whole man was raised up into the head, but left there in an entire state, having oneness. Phrenology went to work on the outside, and assigned to mental faculties their proper places beneath little sections of skull. Soon, no doubt, the brains will begin to ooze out through the organs, and then wo to the hair that grows upon "destructiveness." How do Phrenologists get on with the geography of the brain? Have they surveyed the whole, and made the map perfect? Phrenologists, attention! The head is a globe, having two great continents (intellectual and moral,) and the continent of New Holland (animal); the greater part of the last being under water. The fluid brain is the ocean, flowing around and separating these continents. Ideas are only a kind of vessels sailing to and fro there. Mental commerce is this; no more: a carrying trade from one continent to another after this wise. Passions, feelings, and propensities are freighted from the animal to the moral and intellectual; and, after being manufactured in the workshops of the latter, are freighted back again for consumption. (Wasn't Bonaparte's ocean full of men of war?) It were well for Phrenologists to give to their little world geography, the names used in the great world geography: schoolboys would be so blessed "killing two birds with

one stone :” fine fun for boys. Boys are always democrats ; often thorough-going radicals, overturning, and rooting up and rooting out. Democracy is making fearful progress now-a-days ; asserting not only that “ men are *born* free and equal,” but that they continue so. In a recently published book much is said of “ the democracy of religion, the rights of women,” &c. We look with not a little interest for the ladies’ declaration of independence, and with some degree of fear for a tea-table revolt. She, whose “ inner man” is ambitious of such fame as Lafayette’s, must come again among us, and pass under triumphal arches. This uproar, which begins to roar up to our ears, is mainly to be ascribed to the puppy-dog demeanor of the lords of creation. They have cheapened themselves, and have become a dull article in the social market ; to be had for the asking : nay, they beg to be accepted, and are thankful for a look. This won’t do : but half-way measures can’t mend it. It would be well—Young women ! prettiest flowers in the garden of Humanity, a sort of angels ye doubtless are, being embodied spirits : quite lovely too is your embodiment. Soft kind eyes beneath a brow of peace, and such a mouth betwixt nose and chin : and transparent ears, half hid in clustering ringlets, lying in wait there for proposals : and cheeks destined to be the pasturage-ground of happy lovers. When those flood-gates, the lips, open, what a sweet stream of nonsense flows over that dam of whitest pearl. Now, I may venture to go on. It would be well to put all girls in some place like Prospero’s isle, where men were not : and then each would say, when she saw a man for the first time, as said Miranda :—

“ What is’t ? a spirit ?
Lord, how it looks about ! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form :—But ’tis a spirit.”

And again :—

“ I might call him
A thing divine ; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.”

And as more men gladdened her eyes, she would say—

“ O ! Wonder !
How many goodly creatures are there here !
How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,
That has such people in’t.”

Times would change then, and men would not be obliged to bear all the “ logs to the pile ;” and a declaration of independence would not be thought of : dependence would be the

sweetest happiness. It has also been proposed to place all young men under flour-barrels, but there are objections to this plan.

Now the skein is tangled again, and I can't get hold of the end of a thought, or rather the beginning of one. Suppose we go to our A. B. C's. What a wonderful thing is that little alphabet of ours; the twenty-four letters which form the first lesson of little children in that business called book learning. What conception have the "thinking, thoughtless" rogues of the work growing out of that A. B. C. affair? Pretty well it is that they take no thought for the morrow, and "know not what a day may bring forth;" else they might sum up the work of the coming days, and stand dismayed, and despairing, on the very threshold of existence. Happy children; Time has not thrown its illusions around them. The Past to them is not, and the Future is not: they dwell and work in the Present, and so are good and happy. Just now, however, our business is with words, which are wonderful enough; and not with little children, who are far more wonderful. Of words we had, in Samuel Johnson's time, about forty thousand: to which add the increase since, by home production and the naturalization of foreigners, and our present stock may be half a hundred thousand. We make no account of immigrants lately imported, which have as yet no freehold on English soil. Silly reader, I have no wish to frighten you; but if you are acquainted with the arithmetical rule of progression, you may readily learn that in the combination of letters into words we at this day have reached the eighth multiplication only. As for the sentences that may be made by combinations of only our present stock of words, we need a greater than Zerah Colburn to compute them; for, though Zerah made great promise at the starting-post, he ran no race in arithmetic. Consider the almost infinite power of expansion which rests in this little alphabet: think of the books that may be made! Evils, reader, cure themselves; for which fact be thankful, and sleep quietly o' nights. Language is the circulating medium of ideas, and words are only the representatives of things. An author's name on a title-page is like that of a bank president on a bank note; each being only a kind of presiding officer, who issues, through his agents a paper currency purporting to be the representative of something of real value. Of late a somewhat startling fact was made public in the commercial world. There was no specie in the bank vaults. That world was full of promises to pay, but there was no fulfilment. There was a commercial rag currency, bankruptcy. Did any man ever see a literary rag currency? any symptoms of bankruptcy? I hope not; for of the two *this* were the greater evil. One thing is quite certain—that there are at this day men whose

business through life has been to tell over words, and who have thus arrived at that happy state of unconsciousness so notable in the teller at the bank counter, who, with his hands full of bank notes, tells them over daily without any "realizing sense" of their value; they not being in any sense his own.

Wealth, Fame, Power. What is power? That thing for which so many sigh. Man has an inner world as big as his outer world: nay, bigger. Let him, if desirous of dominion, rule *that* if he can; rule it wisely, like a good monarch, letting his subjects dance, sing, and play the fiddle if they like. As for me, I'm a king; having subject readers, who follow me and obey my volitions.—Ah! do they? Reader, do you see my sceptre? No? no wonder; I'm only *a-thin-king* now. Hist, my friends; turn your long ears forward, hist! What's that; that deep sound? A mighty voice it is; double, yet the same. 'Tis the Niagara voice of two great nations. Flowing from a common reservoir (of water or of speech), it is separate and distinct only in appearance at the moment of utterance, and straightway mingles (foam covered), and flows in one deep stream onward to the ocean. What though the stream be deeper, the voice louder, now on England's side? *There*, the shelving rocks of the surface overhang their base and indicate a downfall—indicate a *downfall*: sure I'm crazy.—Now I feel better; having let off too much. Before, there was danger of explosion of head and now of collapse; it being so empty, and atmospheric pressure so great. For good or evil however, it is done, and my head must fare as it must. Rather too *musty* this last sentence: *now* last but one—now last but—

V.

MORNING.

God of the heavens, how beautiful thy works!
 On the horizon's utmost verge a gleam
 Of light is breaking, 'tis the morn's first beam;
 Misty and faint it seems, but oh, there lurks
 A world of beauty there; behold it now!
 Is the Eternal City's pavement seen,
 Inlaid with gems, like colors from the bow
 Of promise?—sapphire, and emerald green,
 Ruby and amethyst, their radiance spread.
 Night's queen is lost, and Phosphor fades from sight,
 Drown'd in the splendor of Morn's glorious light;
 This beauty, Father, which thy love has shed,
 Seems like the shadowing of thine angel's wings,
 A blessed foretaste of eternal things!

J. C.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SOUTH.

THE night of the 10th of February, 1835, was unexceptionably delightful at Picolata; so, to secure the luxury of a solitary hour without an interruption from Tom, the valet de chambre of the second story, I called him for the hint.

"Tom, light a fire as large as the flat of your foot in my room at twelve," said I, significantly emphasising the number.

Tom had a peculiar way of displaying an enviable set of ivory when he laughed, that made one think of a block of polished ebony divided by a rim of pearl. The contented slave gave me an exhibition of his treasure gratis, and retired.

The night breeze stole up from the river fresh and balmy, its wings laden with fragrance stolen from the orange groves at Palatca. The moon (my memory is not treacherous, reader,) was sailing up into the star-gemmed firmament, wreathed with a fleecy veil that hung its gauze-like drapery over her pale disk until her first ray fell upon the topmost tendrils of the pines; when, disdaining the robe in which she had arisen from her couch in the orient, the goddess smiled as mildly, as if the world she illumined was as pure as the source from whence she drew her light. The air stirred a ripple on the river, and now and then rolled from the polished leaf of a water-oak the sparkling drops which the shower of the afternoon had left as a grateful tribute in their emerald cups. Here and there an inquisitive ray wandered among the interlaced arms of an avenue of live-oaks, and brushed a paler hue upon the sheen of their foliage, while the ripple discoursed melancholy numbers over their exposed roots on the margin of the river. It was, in truth, the silent dreamy hour of Nature's twilight. The spirit of peace and quietude had thrown her mantle upon Picolata; and although, early in the evening, Tom's retreating footsteps across the hall were the last sounds that broke upon the sabbath stillness that reigned through the hotel, as well as on the landscape and river.

I had scarce thrown the back of my chair against the corner column of the upper piazza, before I had woven a dream of home, a memory of the Past, and a prayerful hope of the Future, of the woof imported from Havanna in the wrapper of my Traboca. Such an arrant jade is this same fancy that mounted upon her wings. I entered into the full spirit of the railroad

times, and travelled in the space of an hour so far that I discovered a remarkable resemblance between myself and no less a personage than Alexander the Great. He had no more worlds to conquer, I had no more to travel over. Fortunately for me, at this moment a fish sprang from the river, and the eddying water, as it closed over its return, circled against ripple and wavelet until its faint proportions were broken against the trunk of a pine tree that rested upon the shore, while its taper end swayed with the tide. It had been there perhaps for years, for its bark was gone, and that species of moss, with which time alone decks his monuments, covered it. I have no doubt an alligator had larked upon it in the sunshine a century before, and left it to give a mooring place to the canoe of some Indian hunter. Be that as it may, that log brought me back from West Chester, where at that moment I was taking a sleigh-ride, as the straight Indian figure of Tilla, the half-breed waiting-maid of our good hostess, issued from the shade of the balcony, and with the fleetness of a roe bounded through the avenue of oaks—her deer-like step scarce shaking the rain from the Bermuda grass that covered the lawn. In an instant she was lost in the shade of the trees. The next she was sitting on the log I have described. She looked cautiously up and down the river; then glancing anxiously around her, she turned her face a moment to the heaven's, as if gazing intently upon some fixed star, when with a sudden start she buried her face in her hands. Her long black hair floated in luxuriant masses over her shoulders, and her bosom swelled with the proud blood of her ancestors, and the one blackening drop tingled through her veins, adding its fire to the determination of the whole. The poor girl's thoughts wandered to the lodges of her forefathers, and her heart bounded as she remembered the rumor of the expected resistance of her tribe. For a moment she relented, for her nature could not forget the mother of her infant years; but the winds had borne the promises of the emancipator even to that spot, and Tilla had learned that Slavery was a hated word.

The moon rode up silently and majestically into the mid-heavens, and the night breeze had died away, or was slumbering in the forest, scarce murmuring a whisper in its dreams. The ripple had put out its last sparkle, and a sheet of unmoved crystal mirrored back the full face of the moon from the deepest chamber in its inverted dome. I puffed away the last circlet of smoke from before mine eyes, to take another glimpse of Tilla, when sweetly and stealthily crept down the river the first scarce-heard breathings of the uncouth, yet musical wooden horns that so often awake "midnight's fairy tale" upon southern

and western waters. Clearer and more distinct its notes broke upon the stillness of night, when, turning a sudden bend in the St. John's, a plantation boat, filled with negroes, swept down the river until it reached a spot opposite the log upon which Tilla was sitting. The crew lay upon their oars, hushing both the music of the horn and the chorusses of their voices. A minute passed in the deepest silence, with the eyes of the crew bent upon the bowed form of the Indian maid, who sat as motionless as marble; when the negro at the stern paddle waved his hand towards the mouth of the river, and the boat felt the long but still strokes of the oars as she shot through the unresisting tide; nor did the happy blacknesses renew their song until they were beyond the reach of Tilla's ear. Poor girl—her story was no secret; all knew that if her lot had not taken the lightness from her step, it had robbed her dark cheek of its bloom; and the untutored slave felt that the simple notes of his uncouth horn would touch a chord in Tilla's heart, with a wish for the freedom she could never know, but for which they had no desire. This display of delicacy induced me to learn the story from her own lips, and relieve her if in my power; so, bound upon this errand of mercy, I left the piazza and descended to the lawn. I gained the avenue, and my foot rustled against a vine that clasped the log.

"Tilla."

A prolonged masculine half-whistling snore was the answer to my sympathetic whisper.

Tom's fire was of service in drying my slippers that had taken a shower bath in the cause of philanthropy.

S. E. L.

NOON.

LISTLESS and languid all—no breath of air
 To stir the branches of those lofty trees,
 No chirp is heard, nor song, nor hum of bees;
 I know one spot—come, I will lead thee there,
 Where zephyrs hide among the soft green leaves,
 And wild flowers bend to kiss the shadowed brook,
 And half concealed, the wren her lone nest weaves;
 And sweet Forget-me-not doth mildly look
 From out the moss, with eye like blue of heaven:
 There let us hie, 'tis coolness, loved retreat,
 And, safely sheltered from the sultry heat,
 Await the calm approach of grateful even;
 Then, 'neath the light of heaven's quivered queen,
 We'll seek each wild and fairy-haunted scene.

J. C.

TWILIGHT RECREATIONS.

A FEW evenings since I was indulging in my customary reveries at that hour between daylight and dark, which is to me a Sabbath in the day. My thoughts were serious, but not in a mood calculated to affect the nerves, when, casually turning my head, I thought I beheld a mysterious figure, moving near the wall beside me. The whole current of my thoughts changed, and my blood recoiled suddenly in my veins as if some power contrary to the force of nature was acting upon it. One moment re-assured me, and the shadow—for such it was—remained undistinguished from the rest. But my ideas, as usual, ran wild on the track of speculation thus opened, and I could not forbear questioning myself whence this sudden start and this momentary congelation of my blood. I have no belief in supernatural appearances or visitations, and my nerves are as firm and immoveable at such things as the carved sinews of a statue; but that imaginary appearance startled me exceedingly, and for the instant the functions of my body, my lungs, my blood, seemed petrified. Whence this curious result? Is it the frailty of our nature speaking above our reason and our philosophy? Is it our fancy throwing off the bonds of judgment and experience, and, like a tormenting antagonist, brandishing its weapon even at the gate of our fortress? Is it that our spirit thus unconsciously acknowledges its inferiority to some greater being, as the statue of Memnon inanimately emitted music at the coming of Apollo? And is not that mystic feeling of dread awe we experience, when the mighty thunder, peal upon peal, roils through the empyrean, akin to it?

Perhaps there are certain sensibilities and affections in the mind, which, like the chords of the *Æolian* harp, require a particular wind of heaven to call forth their tones—which may lie dormant while storms are raging or the atmosphere is clear, and yet awoken to their full compass when some zephyr, light as an infant's breath, passes over them. Superstition is the offspring of human frailty, the child of fear. The assertion, that it only dwells in weak minds, is a falsity which the observation of every one can disprove; and, on the contrary, I believe that fine-toned minds, which in cases of emergency are the strongest, have moments of the deepest apprehension. In this age, is there one in twenty who denies not all belief in supernatural visita-

tions? and yet is there one in a hundred whose feelings cannot be roused to that pitch that the least accident unnerves them quite? Whence that love of the marvellous common to all mankind, which causes men to listen with painful interest to tales in which they disbelieve, unless it be that they touch some secret chord, and meet some answering sympathy from the heart? In all ages, in all nations, Superstition has asserted its sway: like an earth-born sister of Religion, which is of heaven, she walks the earth hand in hand with her. Where Religion rears her altar, Superstition extends her veil over it; where holy Faith places her ægis, dread Awe wraps her peplum around it. Religion never exists without Superstition, and the latter never tarries where the footsteps of Religion are not or have not been. The cloistered aisle, the ruined abbey, the desolate temple, the sacred grove, are her chief abiding-places. Religion is the offspring of faith and reason; Superstition is the child of fear and fancy; yet she loves to throw her wreaths around the former as the reverence of the ancients crowned the statues of their gods with flowers. Religion teaches the savage, when he beholds the glorious sun, and perceives its useful effects, to venerate the Great Being who has blessed him with it. Superstition transforms the medium into the origin, and in that worships its Creator. But Superstition hath a double form; one, that gross and ignorant belief which leads the mind away from religion, teaching that men may assume the attributes of the Godhead; the other, that refined feeling which attempers itself with the intellect, and becomes confounded with it, teaching that man is but the creature of his Creator, and infinitely his inferior.

Plutarch relates two instances of the effect of this secret spirit of the mind exerting its mysterious influence upon men whom we cannot accuse of weakness; Brutus and Dion—the latter the immediate scholar of Plato, the former, a believer in his philosophy. Plato's doctrines of divinity were not calculated to nourish such a disposition of mind, and they were his followers from inclination and belief. It is true that the times in which they each had their waking visions, were times of great agitation; and we may suppose their nervous temperaments to have been affected by passing events, as the leaves of the oak by the tempest. But how, then, shall we account for that calmness of Brutus, when he replied to the dreadful menace of the spirit that they should meet at Philippi, "Well, I will meet thee there?" That nervousness, which had been sufficient to create the apparition, had certainly been more so to unnerve his manliness. And if the cause is to be sought in the troubles of the times, would not the apparitions more probably have arisen in periods of the greatest trouble? But neither Dion nor Brutus, at the especial time, had cause for apprehen-

sion ; their affairs were in a favorable train, and indeed they occurred in both instances at moments of tranquillity—when the one had retired to his portico and the other to his tent to indulge in their philosophic pursuits. Their minds were then abstracted from the noise of the camp and the affairs of empire, and wrapped in studious devotion. But in their religion was the source ; they both believed in genii who watched over men, and the strength of their faith caused the apparitions. A stoic or an epicurean would never have experienced such visitations, because their systems of religion were grosser and less intellectual. May it not be owing to the reasons thus hinted at, that there is such a strong leaven of the highest order of superstition among Christians ? Their idea of the Most High is one which fills the mind with mysterious awe and apprehensive dread. Omnipotent, omnipresent, rolling the thunder, and causing the blades of grass to grow ; presiding in the heaven of heavens, and breathing in each wind that blows ; pure, immaculate, eternal, all just ; such are the attributes of the Christian's God. And can Religion, framed with such mystic chords, pour forth in unbroken unison, unless Superstition mingle with it. Thus men of mere piety, observers of the laws of God and man, approach his throne as that of an omnipotent being, dispenser of good and evil, and they are without superstition ; but how meagre appear their offerings when they kneel beside one who to an idea of his almighty power conjoins that of his inscrutability and mysteriousness ! It is like the fear-contorted offering of Cain beside the spirit-laden altar of his brother. It is this feeling, more than deep, which makes us,

“poor fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our dispositions
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls.”

But who can fathom the heart of man ? We are no nearer a knowledge of the true nature and composition of the spirit, which God hath breathed into our nostrils, than we were thousands of years ago. Moreover, in spirit we are the same in age as in youth ; and Superstition, sinking into the mind when it is insatiate for knowledge as for moisture are the sands of the desert, like the holy waters of the Arethusian fount, it flows secret for a long time, but bubbles up in far after-years, when we look not for it, nor scarcely dream of its existence. But this hardly accounts for it, and, lost in the mazes of speculation, I compared it to the vision which befel the Temanite,—“It causes fear to come upon us, and trembling, and the hair of our flesh to stand up. It passes before our face, but we cannot discern the form thereof ; there is silence, but we hear its voice speaking ;” and that voice mingles with our hearts, our faith, and our prayers.

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

A SKETCH.

FEW persons, whose days have been passed on "life's dusty highway," the city, know any thing of the peculiar charm and tedium (for there is something of both) in a country life. They have a dim imagining of roses and lilies, and they "babble of green fields;" but what can they know, who merely take a drive of an afternoon through some of the garden environs of Boston or New-York, of a country life?—aye, the life; for the life of a person who inhales country air, is as much freer and fresher, as much more untrammelled, as much purer, as that air itself than the thick atmosphere which crowded thousands create around them in the city. There is a like difference between a *country dance* (for that is the true name) and a cotillion—no swaying and sweeping with labored grace to the imperative tone of the "caller"—no confinement to measured rules, but a free, wild, natural, and therefore graceful motion.

It is an old saying, that "human nature is the same under every variety"—which is saying nothing at all. The variety is all we contend for. Place two persons under different influences—give them different tones for their ears, different pictures for their eyes, different culture for their hearts, and we do not deny they will be human both; but what different humanity! In the largest country towns, however great may be the degree of refinement to which social life is carried, there remains this freedom from the petty trammels of ceremony, this unthrall'd grace of manner, this ingenuousness, which is native, and kept so by habitual intercourse with the lofty loveliness of nature herself. Go into a family in the country. You are admitted not only to the table and fireside, but to the heart and intellect of its members. Their talk is not of persons, but things. To them Miss ——'s benefit night is no attraction, and that Mr. ——'s lecture was a "total failure," moves them not to commiseration. But touch the springs of thought—of feeling—and you shall hear deep tones of heartfelt music. I have lately made a long visit in the country. A puppy, whose knowledge of the world consisted in standing behind a counter, and felicitating himself that he was not obliged to trot home after the lady purchasers with half a yard of ribbon, went with

me. Why, it matters not. Perhaps I wanted him to drive. Perhaps we drove his horse, for he spends all his surplus funds in keeping one, that he may once a-week ride to Mount Auburn and criticise the tombs. Perhaps he was my cousin. No matter, he went : and, in answer to the trite question "how he liked the country?" replied "Really E—— is so large a place, and the society so good, it seems rather like city society than the country!"

The lady to whom he made this very foolish reply, turned aside and smiled. She is a stately, proud-looking girl of twenty years. She has a gem of a soul locked in a brilliant casket. She is an emblem, in herself, of country life. She is my beau-ideal of native, untaught grace. Tall enough for a queen, light of foot as an antelope, with a color that comes and goes like cloud-shadows ; an eye blue and piercing, and a mouth where all manner of mirth seems imprisoned, and ready to gush out every moment in dimples over her cheeks—what more could she lack, but a heart tender and deep—a mind thoughtful and accomplished?—and both are hers in no common degree : and therefore, where many are lovely, and some are wise, and all are natural and sprightly, Grace Stanwood is a belle.

The vivacity of her mind, and her quick observation, incline her to every variety of accomplishment—some more and some less feminine. She can play the piano, and chant the "rime of the ancient marinere" to her own wild music ; she can milk a cow—and break a horse—climb a mountain—read French and Italian like a native—is a proficient in fine needle-work, and a most accomplished housekeeper. So many graces surely ought not to belong to one being ; and, lest I be suspected of drawing from imagination, which I surely am not, I will not tell any more of her charms.

"Which shall we do to-day," said I ; "go to the mountain or the brook?"

"You should have asked that question four hours ago at least," replied Grace, laughing, and looking out at the window ; "if we had thought of going to the mountain, we ought to have been half way up by this time."

"The brook, then?"

"Yes, if you say so. We will stop and get Anna and Elizabeth, and I will send Harry Austen to beat up recruits ; by the time we get to the fork of the road, we shall have enough of a party to take from the particularity of our going up there alone."

And so in truth there was. The walk to the brook was always a sufficient attraction of a sunny day, and gaily the party sped on. A good two miles brought us to an extended plain, on which nothing was to be discerned but bare rocks ; and,

wearied with walking on a melting hot day in July, I began to grow vexed. Grace saw it, I suppose; for she said, soothingly:—

"Give me your arm, cousin—you are not used to our strolls." (Was she my cousin? only a "country cousin," admitted to all the privileges of a relation after a long acquaintance of a week; but life in the country is not occupied with ceremonial, and I knew Grace better than many whom I have visited for years.)

In sooth, the walk grew shorter in her companionship; in so much, that when we suddenly, and without forewarning, entered a close lane shaded with thick trees, and followed the upward path, with the raspberries hanging in clusters on each side—the timid rush of the brook over the moss-covered rocks, the foliage closing like an arbor above us, and shutting out alike the hot rays of the sun and the sounds of common life, while it opened a flood of liquid singing in the rich shade around us—when all this burst upon my sense, as it did in the course of three minutes, (for the change was sudden as that,) I was ready to blush at my vexation passant, and to give my hand or arm to assist my fair companion with a repentance which she understood and enjoyed in silence, for she but smiled as she pressed rapidly on.

The path wound by the side of the little stream, which gradually grew more impetuous and wider, till, on reaching a small opening, Grace stopped in her walk, and looked back for the rest of the party who had loitered to gather berries by the way.

"No matter, they have been here twenty times before, we will not wait for them. Let us go round by this stump." Round the stump, over logs, "thorough bush, thorough brake," we went: clinging in our descent to the bank of the brook—which was now hidden from the sight—to the branches of the trees that inwove themselves above the wayward path. I was so occupied in keeping my feet, while I followed my guide, that I did not look up till she stopped, and, pointing with one finger to the sky, now peeping through the interlacing trees, stood silently waiting for the admiration which the scene was calculated to inspire.

And indeed the scene was surpassingly fair! We stood near the bed of the wild stream, which here poured from rocks of some twenty or thirty feet high, a tiny cataract, into a basin at our feet—deep, green, and shadowed by the foliage that grew all the way down the sides of the steep bank. An amphitheatre of primeval forest was about us—the sky only looking in upon the lonely and beautiful scene—not a sound disturbed the stillness, that brooded like a mother's hushing love over all about us, save, afar off, the wailing of the crow on the top of a lofty and distant tree.

"As many times as I have been here," said Grace, in a low voice, "I never enter this glen without the most solemn feelings. Beautiful as it is, and breathing of perpetual youth; soothing as it is to all the agitations of life, it still to me is full of a melancholy sweetness, that seems more akin to death than to life. I think how peacefully one might lie here under these trees, and listen to the murmur of the water, apart from all that could stir the spirit, till the morning of the resurrection; and no thoughts but of death seem to belong to this solitude."

"You have connected death with beautiful scenes."

"Yes, I have, I do habitually. I have often thought that in that other world, where we are tending, if we take all, as we suppose we shall, our tastes with us, how shall we be satisfied without our own sweet earth, with its shady places, and its picturesque beauties, which we have so learned to love and to connect with our most elevated and religious thoughts? The clouds may be very bright and fine things to lie among, and it is a gorgeous imagination to tread the gemmed streets of heaven, and weave wreaths of love, as Schiller says, "with sparkling stars for flowers;" but what of heaven's splendor shall make up to us the wild-wood tangle, the early blossom, the faint song of the bird, the wind-music in the trees, all that the soul has learned to love here and to make parcel of itself?"

"The ancients read the soul most truly, when they made for its habitation the Elysian fields. It kept up a human interest in eternity, which we need. But here come the rest of the party."

And on they came laughing and singing, their baskets full of berries and cakes, and their lips of frolic and mirth. They were bitterly lamenting that they all belonged to the Temperance Society, and could not bring a solitary glass of wine, when it was so much needed.

"I think this is a case where a physician would give his countenance to a little—a very little—moderate, you know," said Anna Walcot, a mischievous sprite, as ever lived to tease the heart out of a devoted swain. And this friendly office she was performing for the medical student she addressed.

"It boots not giving up our principles now, however, when there is no advantage to be gained by it. Here is plenty of good water, sparkling and cool as we could desire."

Our feast was ended, and we strolled homeward. As we emerged from the shaded lane into the broad field, the spirits of the party expanded in proportion; and laughing gaily, we reached home in time to have a joyous dance, and to tell fortunes with apple-seeds. The expedition to Monadnock was fixed on for the next day. As many as could and would go,

were to be at the rendezvous—Grace Stanwood's door, "what time the sun was up and tricked with new beams;" and the only query was, whether to take the old "*carry-all*" at Hunter's, that would carry a dozen, or take separate chaises. *Doctor Dunn*, the medical student, was for the latter mode: but Anna Walcott protesting nothing was half so dull as going in that way, it was concluded to sleep upon it, and all without fail were to appear at the hour appointed—five o'clock.

Five o'clock came, and as brilliant a morning as we could have wished. Laden with happy faces, rolled on the old "*carry-all*," and three chaises besides. We had six or seven miles to ride ere we began to ascend the mountain. At length we were at its foot. From the small house, where we left our vehicles, and obtained a guide and a carrier for our edibles, we saw the lofty peak sharp and clear in the blue air, and our impatience increased. Some had never been up: those who had were too wise to tell their experiences to the rest; so that, when we had walked on a gently sloping ascent something like an hour, and entered a wood so thick, and on a path so steep, that but one could go at a time, and that one on his hands as well as feet, climbing like a squirrel—we, who were new, began to inquire wistfully "if we were near the top?" A shout of merriment was the only answer. Climbing on, therefore, with desperate courage, we reached at last the opening above, and saw, far above us, and leaping like kids from rock to rock, our guides, accompanied by Grace and Anna. This was spur enough; and my dandy acquaintance and myself were soon on our legs, and springing with laborious emulation after the leaders. Anon they were out of sight; then loomed up an immense mass of bare rock, on the top of which stood the tantalizing group, laughing, and waving their handkerchiefs. Then we lost sight of them. Then came long ledges of rock, with fissures which apparently had been filled up with a softer substance, and resembling the celebrated "*written rock*." So we went on, climbing ridge after ridge, only to see our hopes make a mockery of our deeds; for apparently we were no nearer that summit, which still at intervals reared its sharp peak in the now noon-day light. Three hours and a half we had consumed in such climbing, as nobody who has not a spare pair of legs should attempt. The day had promised to be excessively hot, the mercury stood, in Capt. Stanwood's portico, at 80 at sunrise. But, as we ascended, the air was bracing and cool; so much so as to recruit our otherwise exhausted strength. I was half-laughing, and half-execrating the whole attempt; for I had begun to despair of really executing our design, when a finger tapped me lightly on my shoulder, and Grace Stanwood stood by me.

"*Courage ! mon brave ! suivez moi !*" and with the word she darted off and upward like the lark. I followed, as who could help it? and ten minutes more saw me standing on the peak.

A cool wind played freshly over my temples. The sky, with a blueness, an intense blueness which I never saw any where else, came down and bathed my head. Below me, on the side of the mountain, I could discern our party straggling up in groups of two or three; while some had wisely stopped about half-way up, and were taking their lunch. A prospect, whose extent was only measured by mountains that mingled with the clouds, was around me; and a feeling which I have never had since, filled my heart—an upspringing, an enlarging of the spirit, a wish to mingle with universal nature; a holy emotion, which Lord Byron means to describe when he says, "high mountains are a feeling,"—I live not in myself, but I become

"Portion of that around me;"

and this mingling with nature is so strong an impulse, that you forget your own individual existence in measuring the vastness of creation.

When the first impression had a little passed, I turned to look for Grace. She had seated herself on a ledge of rock in the shaded part, with Anna Walcot, and both were fast asleep. Indeed, so great and overpowering was the fatigue that oppressed me, a strong man, that I too would have been glad to lie down on the bare rock, and sleep. However, the party had now nearly all arrived. Baskets were unloaded. Fresh water was procured from a spring at a few rods distance; currant shrub, which defied no rule of the Temperance Society, and cakes that never tasted so sweet, with abundance of more substantial cheer, were now spread on the rocks, and we did ample justice to their merits. Scarcely had we finished, when a cloud, that had been rising gradually from the north-west, gathered closely about us. We were in a mist. Hastily collecting our chattels, and covered with shawls and cloaks, which had been provided for emergencies, we descended a short distance, to where a shelving rock promised protection. We had hardly reached it, and snugly esconced our whole party of fourteen in the cave, when the cloud in which we were enveloped dashed down the rain, and then rolled sullenly on down the mountain. Below us then lay the cloud, and through it shot the lightning. It was all we could see as we cowered from the storm. We were as little like deities as we could well be, albeit our situation was rather Olympian.

But if we had hidden from the storm, we were gloriously re-

paid, when we re-ascended the mount and looked off on the landscape. The sky was specked, as it seemed, with black, between which shone the sun with an effulgence so brilliant as almost to blind the vision. Here, a cloud was pouring a shower over a village, while its neighbor reposed in silent sunshine; there a lake was dimpled with the great drops that showered into it, and the hills beyond lay greenly in the depth of the blue sky. It was a superb piece of patch-work. Between thirty and forty lakelets and as many towns were at my feet; and it seemed as if the sky were selecting, like a gardener, choice beds to be watered. If I were to go on describing the descent, I should run the risk of being tedious, and what is more important, I might discourage some one from attempting the ascent; and that I am not willing to do.

If any young gentleman is curious to know Grace Stanwood's where-about, to him I say, she is shining on, the light of the valley; and if he will go where she is, I doubt not he will be treated with that genuine hospitality, that open-hearted kindness which belongs to the very air she breathes. Doctor Dunn has gone his way as I have heard, unpitied by the fair Anna; and for the rest of the lads and lasses, perhaps we will talk more of them anon.

THE WILLEWEMOC.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

BUBBLING within some basin green,
 So fring'd with fern, the woodcock's bill
 Scarce penetrates the leafy screen,
 Leaps into life the infant rill:
 Oozing along a winding streak
 Through moss and grass, it whispers meek,
 Then, swelling o'er some barrier root,
 The tiny ripples onward shoot—
 Thence the pure, sparkling waters spread
 And deepen down their sloping bed,
 Until a streamlet, bright and strong,
 The Willemoc glides along
 Mid its wild forest-depths, to bear
 Its homage to the Delaware.

Now pebbly shallows, where the deer
 But bathes his crossing hoof, and now
 Broad hollow'd creeks, that, deep and clear,
 Would overwhelm him to his antler'd brow.

Here, the smooth silver sleeps so still
 The ear might catch the faintest trill,
 The bee's soft hum, the whirr of wings,
 And the low songs of grass-hid things ;
 There, dashing by in booming shocks,
 'Mid floating trees and scatter'd rocks,
 So loud their wrath the waters wreak,
 They drown the fierce gray eagle's shriek ;
 Here, the bent cowslip from the moss,
 In ripples breaks the amber gloss ;
 There, the whirl'd spray-showers upward fly,
 To the slant firs crag-rooted high.

Blue sky—pearl cloud—and golden gleam
 Beguile my steps this Summer day,
 Beside the lone and lovely stream
 And 'mid its sylvan scenes to stray.
 The moss, so delicate and soft,
 It scarce sustains the bird aloft,
 Slopes its pil'd velvet to the sedge,
 Tufting the mirror'd water's edge,
 Where the slow eddies wrinkling creep
 'Mid bending grass in stillness deep.
 The sweet wind just has breath to stir
 This fragile web of gossamer ;
 The stream's blent voices greet my ear,
 Low, hollow dashings—full round tones,
 Purling by elder-branches here,
 There, gurgling o'er the tinkling stones ;
 The rumble of the water-fall
 Majestic sounding over all.

Before me spreads the pond-like pool,
 Chequer'd with tree-shades dark and cool.
 Here, the roof'd water seems to be
 A solid mass of ebony,
 There, the lit surface glances bright
 In dazzling gleams of spangled light.
 The skimming swallow circles by,
 On darts the radiant dragon-fly,
 Reliev'd against that sunny glare
 The gnat-swarm dust-like specks the air.
 From yon deep cove, where lily gems,
 Are swaying on their silken stems,
 Out glides the dipping duck, to seek
 The narrow windings of the creek :
 The glitterings of his gold-green back
 Disclosing far his sinuous track.
 Quick sliding down that grassy brink,
 I view the otter plunge and sink ;
 This bubbling spot betrays his rise
 And through the furrowing sheet he plies.

The aspen shakes—the hemlock hums—
 Moist with the shower, the west wind comes ;
 Ruffling in heaps the shivering grass,
 It darkens o'er the streamlet's glass ;
 The bird amidst its feathers coils,
 Tight'ning his web the spider toils ;
 And rises, with its herald breeze,
 The cloud's dark umber o'er the trees :

A veil of gauze-like mist it flings,
 Dimples the brook with transient rings,
 And soon beneath this canopy
 The swift bright glancing streaks I see,
 And hear around in lulling strain
 The bee-like music of the rain.
 But out bursts sunshine, bright and gay,
 The misty curtain melts away,
 The cloud in fragments breaks, and through
 Trembles in spots the smiling blue.
 A fresh damp sweetness fills the scene
 From dripping leaf, and moisten'd earth,
 The odor of the wintergreen
 Floats on the breaths that now have birth :
 Ripples and air-bells all about
 Proclaim the gambols of the trout,
 And calling bush, and answering tree,
 Echo with woodland melody.

Now the pil'd West in pomp displays
 The gorgeous shapes that sunset weaves,
 And slanting lines of golden haze
 Are streaming through the brighten'd leaves.
 The grassy paths and vistas gleam
 Greener within the level beam,
 The pine along the ground has laid
 The long black column of its shade,
 And now the last-drawn streak of light
 Has vanish'd from its towering height.
 The fawn is crouching in his nook,
 The bird and fly have left the brook ;
 The marmot underneath the tree,
 Has sought his shelving cavity :
 Hark ! from the bough sweet sounds are heard
 There sits the minstrel mockingbird.
 The strain of every songster floats
 Within his loud and splendid notes,
 The blue-bird's warble, brief, and shrill,
 The whistle of the whippoorwill,
 The jay's harsh scream—the robin's call—
 His own rich music linking all.
 His three-ton'd anthem now he sings,
 Liquid and low, and soft it rings ;
 Then rising with a swell more clear,
 It melts upon my bending ear :
 Until, with piercing flourish'd flight,
 He bids the dark'ning scene " good night."

REVIEWS.

A Grammar of the Greek Language, for the use of Schools and Colleges. By CHARLES ANTHON, L. L. D. Harper & Brothers.

THERE is undoubtedly no study more dry, or less insinuating, than that of philology. The demonstrations of geometry itself are interesting, and light reading, as compared with the perplexed, dull, and intricate series of rules, examples, formations, disquisitions, and excursions, which constitute the great majority of grammars. Confessing all this, as we do, in perfect good faith, and with a feeling of true compassion for the unhappy wights who may be wading through the shoals of nouns and verbs, of conjugations and declensions—taking their daily dose, forced down against the will, and when rejected, still to be swallowed down again, *usque ad nauseam*; still we are compelled to acknowledge the absolute necessity of this much hated and much slandered branch—*root*, we should rather term it—of every kind of scholarship. In our own country, especially, we are inclined to fear this science has been regarded but too generally—whether applied to the vernacular or the dead languages of olden time—as an unnecessary and pedantic acquisition; as savoring of nicety bordering on foppishness—as a thing altogether of too delicate and aristocratical complexion for our plain go-a-head republicans. It is but too frequently the case, that bold and daring, aye, and eloquent, bursts of language are disfigured, both in the pulpit and the bar, by errors either of grammar or of pronunciation, which would, if the commissions of the merest school-boy, most richly merit castigation;—nor is this all; for, as we but now hinted, the listener, whose ear is tortured by the uncouth dialect, the barbarous syntax, or the violated accent, is looked upon as a pert coxcomb, eager to show forth his own paltry *drilling* at the expense of real and depreciated talent. And if this be the case with regard to our own tongue, how much more will it apply to foreign languages, how, most of all, to those which have now ceased to live except in the sublime and gorgeous fancies of the immortal dead? That the Greek and Latin scholarship of the United States is, as concerns the multitude even of those *termed scholars*, superficial, incorrect, and utterly incapable of sustaining an examination, such as

mere boys are subject to in Germany or England, is unquestionable, and by us a much lamented fact. We have said much lamented, because we are convinced that perfect elegance and accuracy, even in English composition, is unattainable by one devoid of classic learning—because we are yet more convinced that study of the dead languages is the best earthly method to discipline the intellect—and that the mind so disciplined, and not till then, may afterwards be moulded to whatever style or fashion the necessities or wish of its possessor may direct it.

That the scholarship of the United States is superficial, we consider an established fact—and the reason, whence arises that unsoundness, is, we are well assured—in every case a want of close and accurate acquaintance with the first principles of grammar. The causes of this want, again, are twofold; first—the almost entire unacquaintance, with these principles, of those who make it their profession to *teach* what they have never *learned* themselves; who, having crept through college by dint of keys, translations, and the like, go out into the world beneath the sanction of a grave diploma, guiltless of grammar, and guilty of prosodial blunders, which might wake the bones of Homer from their urn of centuries should the old bard but dream of them in his sepulchral slumbers. Second, the absence of any fitting work whence to acquire this all-important information. The German grammars of the Grecian tongue, which are, perhaps, the most minutely critical, and, on the whole, the most complete, are quite too bulky and voluminous to become a learner's manual; even although their style and matter were adapted to the comprehension of the young—which they are not, as being rather suited to disputants than learners, containing deep and far-fetched investigations rather than terse and simple rule; and being, in truth, more calculated to mystify than to enlighten the uncertain and obscure conceptions of beginners. Of the Anglo-Greek grammars, perhaps, and indeed probably, the best is Valpy's.—The Eton grammars, both Greek and Latin, though especially the latter, are semi-barbarous; much of the information being conveyed in dog-Latin hexameters, which the boys are required to get by rote without the slightest conception of their meaning; therefore we are inclined to say the best is Valpy's. The defects of it are manifold, though of a nature very opposite to that on which we have commented as the great drawbacks to the German works on the same topic. These are a brevity, so docked and so concise as to become obscurity—a want of general arrangement—and, above all, a lamentable lack of clear and lucid explanation. It is certainly any thing but an easy task to write for boys; for while the writer has to exert the whole intellect of a *man* in contriving to explain, he must also put himself into the light of a *child* when laboring to comprehend the explanations; for much that is simple and plain to the clear head of the instructor, is obscure even in the last degree to the unhappy learner. This is the great defect in Valpy's grammar of the Greek tongue; and though in England this defect is modified, and

perhaps almost obliterated, by the oral instructions of the tutors—a class of men *there* universally capable and learned (because a class respected and appreciated, not scorned and deemed inferior to every peddling trafficker who fills his pocket—honestly or the reverse, it matters not—with dollars) the defect is nevertheless a blot and drawback even there; while here, the tutors for the most part being unable to explain what never was explained to them, it operates so badly as to render the work little better than completely useless. In this dark and almost desperate state of Grecian philosophy, Professor Anthon, the most distinguished *alumnus* of Columbia College, “himself a scholar, and a ripe and good one”—known as an editor, whose labors have been highly estimated and much used upon the continent of Europe, has stepped forth to rescue our transatlantic scholarship from its too merited repute of slovenly and superficial carelessness; and, to afford such means to the up-growing generation as will leave the blame on their own shoulders if they should fail to profit by them. Containing all the information that can be gleaned from the most massy volumes of the German schools, Anthon’s Greek Grammar is itself contained in fewer pages, we imagine, than Valpy’s work, which we have mentioned heretofore. In this, however, there is no needless brevity—no want of ample explanation—of clear and correct rules, of full examples; while nothing is diffused, nothing is curtailed which could have been expanded to advantage. We have heard it alleged, “that it wanted *exercises*,” as they are termed, a string forsooth of phrases, called *ad libitum* to prove the rules. Than this, no charge can be more futile; the only real exercise is the text of the Greek writers. The rules once learned, it is the teacher’s part to point their application; if he can do this, he requires *no exercises*; if he can not, he had better ‘go dig potatoes,’ or do any thing except attempt to be a teacher, when “neither men, nor Gods, nor columns” have given him the power to be so.

The principal excellence, however, of this grammar—one which, in our opinion, places it far above all others—is the lucid and beautiful arrangement of the declensions and conjugations; which, in all school-books we have ever seen before, are very needlessly compressed, and are consequently exceedingly obscure. The rules for the formations of the tenses, for the accents, and for the syntactical connexion of the language, are no less admirable than the portions specified above. In short, when the excellent prosody (the proof sheets of which, the favor of the publishers has permitted us to see) is given to the world, we think—we dare to assert—that New-York will have to thank Professor Anthon for making her the origin whence have proceeded the two best school-books in the world on their respective topics; those topics, too, the most important—the Grammar and the Prosody, the keys to all the prose and all the poetry of the most copious and most gorgeous language the earth has ever heard pronounced, from her time-honored childhood to the decrepitude of quackery, machinery, utilitarianism and imposture,

toward which we fear she is even now descending, with a precipitate and furious haste that almost savors of destruction.

Democracy in America ; by M. De Tocqueville. New-York : George Adlard, 1838. Second Edition.

THE work of M. DE TOCQUEVILLE has attracted great attention throughout Europe, where it is universally regarded as a sound, philosophical, impartial, and remarkably clear and distinct view of our political institutions, and of our manners, opinions and habits, as influencing or influenced by those institutions. Writers, reviewers, and statesmen of all parties have united in the highest commendations of its ability and integrity. The people described by a work of such a character, should not be the only one in Christendom unacquainted with its contents. At least so thought many of our most distinguished men, who have urged the publisher of this edition to reprint the work and present it to the American public. They have done so in the hope of promoting among their countrymen a more thorough knowledge of their frames of government, and a more just appreciation of the great principles on which they are founded.

But it seemed to them that a reprint in America of the views of an author so well entitled to regard and confidence, without any correction of the few errors or mistakes that might be found, would be in effect to give authenticity to the whole work, and that foreign readers especially, would consider silence under such circumstances as strong evidence of the accuracy of its statements. The preface to the English edition, too, was not adapted to this country, having been written, as it would seem, in reference to the political questions which agitate Great Britain. The publishers therefore applied to Hon. J. C. Spencer, to furnish them with a short preface, and such notes upon the text as might appear necessary to correct any erroneous impressions. Having had the honor of a personal acquaintance with M. DE TOCQUEVILLE while he was in this country, having discussed with him many of the topics treated of in this book, having entered deeply into the feelings and sentiments which guided and impelled him in his task, and having formed a high admiration of his character and of this production, the Editor felt under some obligation to aid in procuring for one whom he ventured to call his friend, a hearing from those who were the subjects of his observations. These circumstances furnished to his own mind an apology for undertaking what no one seemed willing to attempt, notwithstanding his want of practice in literary composition, and notwithstanding the impediments of professional avocations constantly recurring and interrupting that strict and continued examination of the work, which became necessary, as well to

detect any errors of the author, as any misunderstanding or misrepresentation of his meaning by his translator. These circumstances atone completely for the imperfection of what the editor has contributed to this edition, and will serve to mitigate the severity of judgment upon contributions, which will at least not be deemed useless.

The *notes*, which will be found at the end of the volume, are confined, with very few exceptions, to the correction of what appeared to be misapprehensions of the author in regard to some matters of fact or some principles of law, and to explaining his meaning where the translator had misconceived it. For the latter purpose the original was consulted; and it affords great pleasure to bear witness to the general fidelity with which Mr. REEVE has transferred the author's ideas from French into English. He has not been a literal translator, and this has been the cause of the very few errors which have been discovered: but he has been more and better: he has caught the spirit of M. De TOCQUEVILLE, has understood the sentiment he meant to express, and has clothed it in the language which Mr. De T. would have himself used had he possessed equal facility in writing the English language.

There should have been references in the body of the work to the notes: but circumstances beyond control prevented. They are so few, however, that no great inconvenience will result from reading them detached from the subjects to which they relate.

Being confined to the objects before mentioned, the reader will not find any comments on the theoretical views of our author. He has discussed many subjects on which very different opinions are entertained in the United States, but with an ability, a candor, and an evident devotion to the cause of truth, which will commend his views to those who most radically dissent from them. Indeed, readers of the most discordant opinions will find that he frequently agrees with both sides, and as frequently differs from them. As an instance, his remarks on slavery will not be found to coincide throughout, either with abolitionists or with slaveholders: but they will be found to present a masterly view of a most perplexing and interesting subject, which seems to cover the whole ground, and to lead to the melancholy conclusion of the utter impotency of human effort to eradicate this acknowledged evil. But on this, and on the various topics of the deepest interest which are discussed in this work, it was thought that the American readers would be fully competent to form their own opinions, and to detect any errors of the author, if such there are, without any attempt by the present editor to enlighten them. At all events, it is to be hoped that the citizens of the United States will patiently read and candidly consider the views of this accomplished foreigner, however hostile they may be to their own pre-conceived opinions or prejudices. He says,—“there are certain truths which Americans can only learn from strangers or from experience.” Let us, then, at least listen to one who admires us and our institutions, and whose complaints, when he makes

any, are, that we have not perfected our own glorious plans, and that there are some things yet to be amended. We shall thus furnish a practical proof, that public opinion in this country is not so intolerant as the author may be understood to represent it. However mistaken he may be, his manly appeal to our understandings and to our consciences should at least be heard. "If ever (he says) these lines are read in America, I am well assured of two things: in the first place, that all who peruse them will raise their voice to condemn me: and in the second place, that very many of them will acquit me at the bottom of their conscience." He is writing on that very sore subject, the tyranny of public opinion in the United States.

Fully to comprehend the scope of the present work, the author's motive and object in preparing it, should be distinctly kept in view. He has not written for America, but for France. "It was not, then, merely to satisfy a legitimate curiosity, (he says,) that I have examined America: my wish has been to find instruction by which we might ourselves profit." "I sought the image of democracy itself, with its inclinations, its character, its prejudices, and its passions, in order to learn what *we* have to hope or fear from its progress." He thinks that the principle of democracy has sprung into new life throughout Europe, and particularly in France; and that it is advancing with a firm and steady march to the control of all civilized governments. In his own country, he had seen a recent attempt to repress its energies within due bounds, and to prevent the consequences of its excesses. And it seems to be a main object with him, to ascertain whether these bounds can be relied upon, whether the dykes and embankments of human contrivance can keep within any appointed channel this mighty and majestic stream. Giving the fullest confidence to his declaration, that his book "is written to favor no particular views, and with no design of serving or attacking any party," it is yet evident that his mind has been very open to receive impressions unfavorable to the admission into France of the unbounded and unlimited democracy which reigns in these United States. A knowledge of this inclination of his mind will necessarily induce some caution in his readers while perusing those parts of the work which treat of the effects of our democracy upon the stability of our government and its administration. While the views of the author respecting the application of the democratic principle in the extent that it exerts with us, to the institutions of France, or to any of the European nations, are of the utmost importance to the people and statesmen of those countries, they are scarcely less entitled to the attention of Americans. He has exhibited, with admirable skill, the causes and circumstances which prepared our forefathers gradually, for the enjoyment of free institutions, and which enabled them to sustain, without abusing, the utmost liberty that was ever enjoyed by any people. In tracing these causes, in examining how far they continue to influence our conduct, manners, and opinions, and in

searching for the means of preventing their decay or destruction, the intelligent American reader will find no better guide than M. DE TOUQUEVILLE.

Fresh from the scenes of the "three days" revolution in France, the author came among us to observe carefully and critically the operation of the new principle on which the happiness of his country, and, as he seems to believe, the destinies of the civilized world depend. Filled with the love of liberty, but remembering the atrocities which in its name had been committed under former dynasties at home, he sought to discover the means by which it was regulated in America, and reconciled with social order. By its laborious investigations, and minute observations of the history of the settlement of the country, and of its progress through the colonial state to independence, he found the object of his inquiry in the manners, habits, and opinions of a people who had been gradually prepared, by a long course of peculiar circumstances and by their local position, for self-government: and he has explained, with a pencil of light, the mystery that has baffled Europeans and perplexed Americans. He exhibits us, in our present condition, a new, and, to Europeans, a strange people. His views of our political institutions are more general, comprehensive, and philosophic, than have been presented by any writer, domestic or foreign. He has traced them from their source, democracy—the power of the people—and has steadily pursued this foundation-principle in all its forms and modifications,—in the frame of our governments, in their administration by the different executives, in our legislation, in the arrangement of our judiciary, in our manners, in religion, in the freedom and licentiousness of the press, in the influence of public opinion, and in various subtle recesses, where its existence was scarcely suspected. In all these, he analyzes and dissects the tendencies of democracy, heartily applauds where he can, and faithfully and independently gives warning of dangers that he foresees. No one can read the results of his observations without better and clearer perceptions of the structure of our governments, of the great pillars on which they rest, and of the dangers to which they are exposed: nor without a more profound and more intelligent admiration of the harmony and beauty of their formation, and of the safeguards provided for preserving and transmitting them to a distant posterity. The more that general and indefinite notions of our own liberty, greatness, happiness, &c., are made to give place to precise and accurate knowledge of the true merits of our institutions, the peculiar objects they are calculated to attain or promote, and the means provided for that purpose, the better will every citizen be enabled to discharge his great political duty of guarding those means against the approach of corruption, and of sustaining them against the violence of party commotions. No foreigner has ever exhibited such a deep, clear, and correct insight of the machinery of our complicated systems of Federal and State governments. The most intelligent Europeans are confounded with our *imperium in imperio*; and

their constant wonder is, that these systems are not continually jostling each other. M. DE TOCQUEVILLE has clearly perceived, and traced correctly and distinctly, the orbits in which they move, and has described, or rather defined, our Federal government, with an accurate precision, unsurpassed even by any American pen. There is no citizen of this country who will not derive instruction from our author's account of our natural government, or, at least, who will not find his own ideas systematized and rendered more fixed and precise by the perusal of that account.

Victoria: an Anecdotal Memoir of her Majesty; comprising Anecdotes, Personal Traits, and Characteristic Sketches from Infancy to the present period. London, 1838.—1 vol. 12 mo.

If the "young queen" of England have not her head turned by flattery, it must be because her elevated position lifts her above the ordinary sympathies and feelings of humanity. She breathes an air of adulation and incense, and, if she were so disposed, might devote all her taste and time for reading to the perusal of anecdotes and stories about herself many of which have doubtless as great a charm of novelty for her as for any subject in her dominions; and all of which teem with the most fulsome praises. Not only are witticisms,—invented, as the authors suppose, with the proper refinement and delicacy,—put into her pretty mouth, but the most common sayings, which she did really utter, and the like of which are spoken constantly by common people on every-day occasions, are trumpeted forth as if they were the oracular declarations of some modern priestess of Apollo.

We have before us a most amusing instance of this species of folly—too absurd almost to excite a smile unmingled with pity at the imbecility of the simpletons who could employ themselves in scraping together such arrant nonsense. The little *bijou* of a volume is bound in green silk, lettered and edged with gold, and has a frontispiece representing her little majesty with the diadem surmounting her royal brows. It opens with an account of the birth of the young princess; and we are gravely informed that that important event took place at the hour and in the very manner which the English nation wished—viz: at sunrise, and with an attendance on the *accouchement* of the Duchess of Kent, of the privy counselors and great officers of state. These were assembled in a *salon* adjoining her Royal Highness's bed-chamber; "and there, at a quarter past four in the morning of the 24th of May, 1819, it was announced to them that the Duchess was safely delivered of a princess." The state attendants immediately entered the apartment; the infant was presented to them, (we are not informed whether such a pro-

ceeding induced her exceeding small Majesty and short Highness to squall vehemently,) and they signed, conjointly with the physicians, a certificate of its birth, together with a report of its "perfectly healthful appearance."

We are next greeted with the truly gratifying information that the Duchess condescended to act as nurse to her own child; at which unexampled piece of condescension in a duchess, the English people rejoiced exceedingly. Nor was this all the condescension. As soon as the natural convalescence would allow, the Duke of Kent, "with that pious principle which presided over all his conduct," condescended, on the 24th of June, to initiate his beloved child, then exactly a month old, into the church of Christ." During the six months following this initiation, the Duke and Duchess went frequently to the theatres, but never very early in the evening, because the Duchess devoted all her attention to the nursery "until her lovely babe had sunk into sweet repose."

At the Royal Baptism, the Prince Regent (that *moral* and *pious* youth, George the Fourth) Alexander, Emperor of Russia, the Queen Dowager of Wurtemberg, and the Duchess Dowager of Saxe-Cobourg, stood sponsors. After this the Duke and Duchess of Kent presented to the delighted eyes of the English people a picture of domestic felicity. They even walked arm in arm in their gardens, looking all the while as smiling as a basket of chips. Such an instance of exalted virtue on their part threw all Great Britain into a fit of uncontrollable ecstasy, which has lasted to this day, abated only by the vaccination of her Royal Highness, and the demise of a king or two.

Death, however, with an intolerable degree of insolence, when we consider the grandeur of the object, tripped up the heels of the Duke of Kent. This excited in the minds of the port-drinking John Bulls a proper degree of indignation against "the Insatiate Archer," and the editor of the Times threatened to call him out. But the matter was hushed up, and the Duke of York condescended to adopt the youthful princess, who, on the very first visit of her gracious uncle, "stretched out her arms to him, and called him papa."

After a relation of these important events, the uncle is entertained with the most witty anecdotes, illustrating the wonderful capacities of this prodigy of a child; with the most striking of which alone, we must, for want of room, be contented to gratify the American public. As an instance of her "infantine acuteness," it is related that some ladies, who met her in Kensington Gardens, were allowed the inestimable privilege of kissing her fat little hand; and that, upon seeing the same ladies again, a few days after, she recognized them. "Surely," exclaims the narrator, "surely, this was a most extraordinary piece of *acuteness* in so young an infant!" The Princess used to ride about the gardens on a little *beast*-donkey, caparisoned in blue ribbons, and would bow to the *human* donkeys who were staring at her; and on one occasion she uttered the remarkable words, "How do you do?" This will never be forgotten,

"while the name of Britain continues to be a terror to the nations."

To illustrate her *archness*, it is related, on the most indisputable authority, that the late Bishop Fisher of Salisbury once saluted her without attracting her attention; and that, after repeated attempts to do so without success, he went down on one knee to supplicate it; still no notice was taken of this dignitary of the church, till suddenly, the glorious child scampered off as fast as her little legs would carry her, (we gather from this that her Majesty *has* legs,) and "turned round and kissed her hand repeatedly to the *venerable prelate*." Her astonishing *perseverance* is illustrated by the fact, that while riding one day across the garden, the uncourtly wind, regardless of her illustrious origin, nearly blew off her bonnet. Upon which she exclaimed to her nurse, "It wont stay on," (a noble expression for so young a child). "Then hold it tight, Princess," replied the nurse; upon which she *did* hold it tight till she got home. This characteristic anecdote reminds us of a similar one narrated of that intellectual individual, her majesty's uncle, William the Fourth. His majesty was one day taking his Majesty's usual promenade; some drops of rain chanced to fall. His majesty being fatigued, was pleased to yawn; whereupon some drops fell into his majesty's mouth. His majesty, though on ordinary occasions possessed of great presence of mind, did not, in the urgency of the moment, know what to do. So, with his royal jaws distended to their widest capacity, he inquired of the gentlemen in attendance, (kings can speak, it would seem, with their mouths open,) "What shall we do? Our tongue is getting wet." Upon this a noble lord hard by, risking every thing—as a true-blooded Englishman ever should—for the safety of his monarch, falteringly suggested: "To prevent any such lamentable catastrophe to your majesty, may your majesty be graciously pleased to shut your majesty's mouth." Whereupon, with that noble condescension which so peculiarly distinguishes the House of Brunswick, his majesty *was* graciously pleased to shut his majesty's mouth.

In an anecdote, entitled "the favourite donkey," we discover an instance of strikingly sarcastic discernment in the Princess. She was one day invited to visit her uncle, George the Fourth, and in talking of the visit, *naively* asked, "Oh! mama, shall I go upon my donkey?" In the guileless "simplicity of her heart, she believed that she could not pay her Royal Uncle a higher compliment than to visit him on her favorite donkey;" and archly supposing, we doubt not, that as the king wished to see one relative, it would be equally agreeable to him to be visited by another, many of whose general characteristics were so notoriously compatible with his own.

The Princess's education was by no means neglected; and it ought not to have been, since Parliament did their best for her by voting six thousand pounds sterling a year (thirty thousand dollars,) to the Duchess of Kent, for the support and education of her royal daughter. We observe that the Queen, in her late speech, returns

thanks to the "Gentlemen of the House of Commons," for having increased her royal mother's income :—which seems as a most illustrious verification of the ancient proverb, "one good turn deserves another."

Interesting as this article is, both to ourselves in writing it and to the rest of the world in reading it, we must curtail it of its fair proportions : and passing over many ingenious stories quite as important as those we have already cited, illustrative of the habits of the youthful Princess, we must allude to the history of her more advanced years. We must, however, give a rich anecdote, showing the simplicity of her diet.

"Returning on one occasion from Ramsgate to London, the royal party stopped at Maidstone to change horses, but did not alight from their carriage. A vast assemblage of spectators were attracted to the spot, and it is impossible adequately to describe their astonishment and gratification on hearing the young Princess, when asked what refreshment she would take, request, in the sweetest accents, "a small piece of stale bread." Their delight at this simple circumstance exceeded all bounds!" And well it might! What could be more sublime and soul-stirring than the sight of a princess asking for *stale* bread? *Stale* is the word. Mark that! Such a request, instead of one for confections or *bonbonnière*, usually so delicious to young children, was enough to fill with rapture the breast of any man, woman, and child, in the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

The public prints of this country have carefully and industriously laid before their American readers the various sayings and actions of her *Royal Highness* since she became her Majesty. We perceive, on close examination, that the immensely valuable collection before us contains little or nothing worthy of extract relative to THE QUEEN, which has not wearied the public eye again and again. We withhold, on this account, any further infliction; but if we believe all that is said, Her Majesty is covered over and hung round with every imaginable jewel of social virtue, and every *order* of mental excellence. She is a "most rare wonder." New-engraved portraits come out every day; and the best of it is, that no two of them look alike. She must, therefore, possess great variety of expression. By the accounts which we can gather, and the numerous likenesses which we have seen, we should conclude her majesty to be a well-looking, dumpy young woman, with a fair modicum of sense and quite a small foot. Her mother, the Duchess, is unquestionably, if she at all resembles her "counterfeit presentments," one of the homeliest and vulgarist looking Dutch *fraus* that ever was imported from the continent to squander English money; and if the eighth Harry was esteemed as having applied a derogatory epithet to the *uxorial* importation made for himself, she must have been far handsomer than the Duchess of Kent to have made any body think that it was not compliment instead of detraction to liken her to "a Flander's Mare."

